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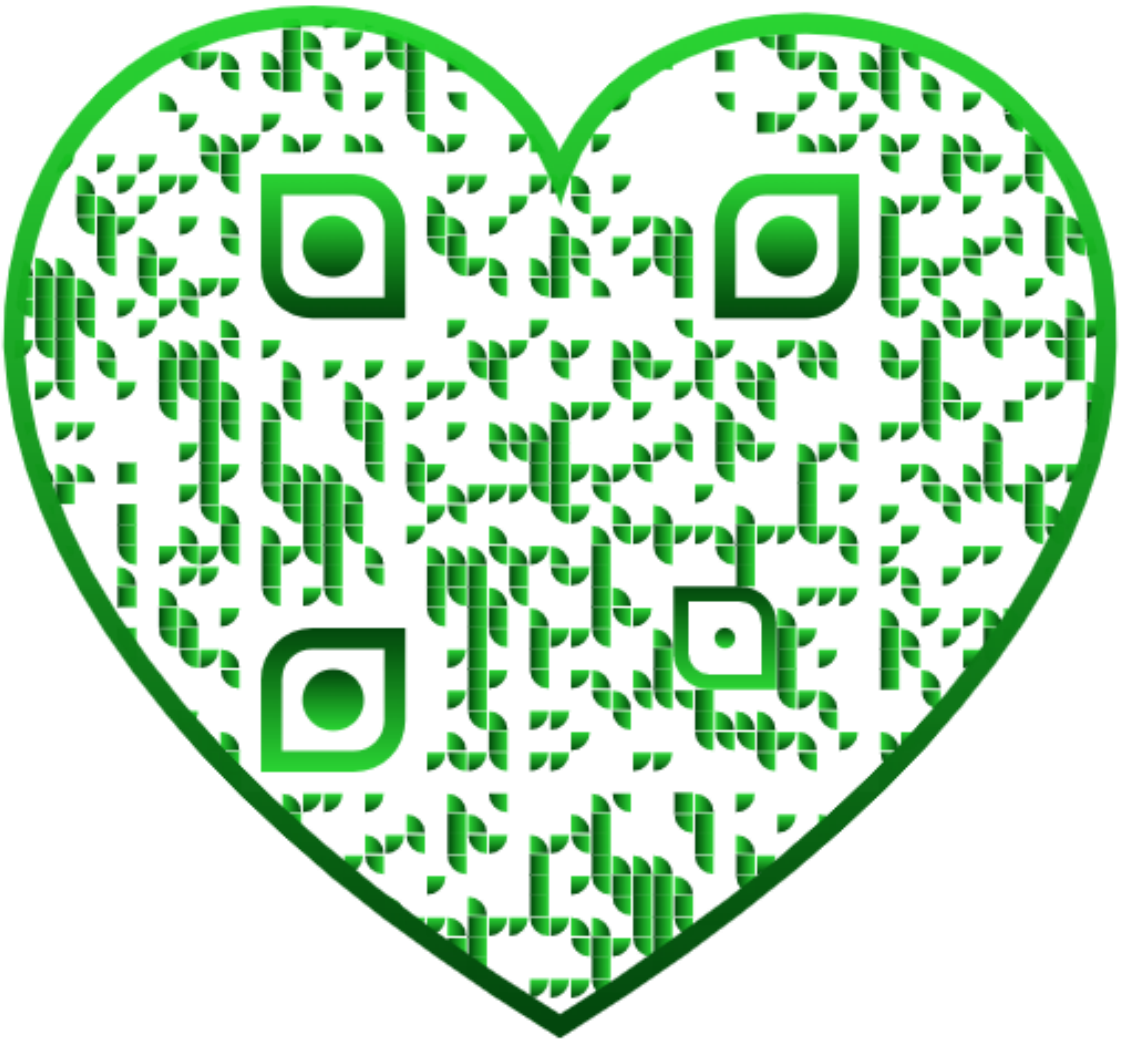

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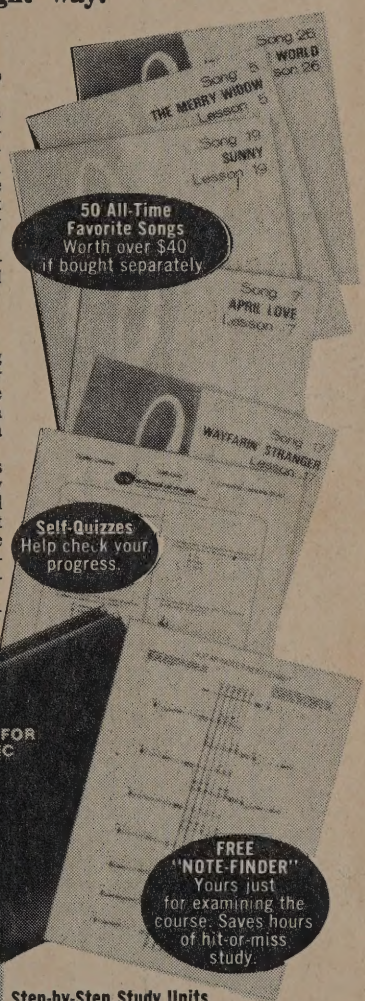

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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

1978 will be a busy year for Bob Dylan. After a two-year rest from recording and performing, Dylan took to the road again beginning Feb. 20 in Japan, followed by Australia, then probably the U.S. and Europe.

He hasn't exactly been idle these past two years — we saw the results of his work when his first movie, "Renaldo and Clara," opened in New York, Los Angeles and Minneapolis on January 25th.

Dylan is distributing the film through his own Circuit Films, Inc. (Several major companies wanted to buy the movie for distribution, but Bob set up the company himself so he could maintain total control of the project.)

Lynn Goldsmith

Perhaps the reason he's going visible again is that he's anxious to really promote this film. In addition to his creative efforts, he's got $3 million of his own money invested in it.

Following his various tours, he'll record another album, (he's already written some songs for it) — this time, he may record in Los Angeles instead of New York. Perhaps the reason he's going visible again is that he's anxious to really promote this film. In addition to his creative efforts, he's got $3 million of his own money invested in it.

None of his U.S. tour plans are finalized, nor are the musicians he'll take on the road with him — although both Rob Stoner and David Mansfield (both of whom backed Bob on the Rolling Thunder Revue tour) have been mentioned as possible sidemen.

Apparently, there is a strong possibility that Dylan will tour up until Labor Day, and then — the third Monday in September — he'll begin a second film.

Paul and Linda McCartney came to New York to see her folks for the holidays ("We got Daddy a Rolls - Royce for Christmas," she told friends) and played their new lp to a lucky few. It's probably going to be titled *Water Wings* or *London Town* after one of the 14 tracks included on the lp. The lp features sea chanties, and songs with a variety of rhythms.

The couple didn't see too many people in New York, staying pretty close to home and family, but did visit old friend Danny Fields (he manages the Ramones) and picked up a new Ramones lp for daughter Heather (the only punk rock fan in their family).

The Macs now say that they'll get another Wings tour together when the album comes out.

And yet another "Beatles" project: "I Want To Hold Your Hand" will be a film about the hysterical reception the Beatles got when they first visited the U.S. in 1964 to be on the Ed Sullivan show. Already recreated on the backlot of the Burbank Studios is a facade of the Plaza Hotel, complete with the fountain and circle driveway (renamed for this film, "The Beatles Hotel").

On Feb. 9, 1964 hysterical hordes of fans massed around the Plaza in order to see the Fab Four who stayed there.

Michael Hewitson, who has been Elton John's personal assistant for the past three years, will play the Beatles' road manager in this film.

"We got Daddy a Rolls-Royce for Christmas."

Lynn Goldsmith

"I asked for less money than I would have somewhere else, because I really want to see this theater work. Part of an artist's responsibility is to make these places work..."

New York's newest rock venue, CBGB's Second Avenue Theater, ran into some problems with the fire department and police over the long New Year's weekend.

The Patti Smith Group was performing the second of three sold-out nights (it was, incidentally, her birthday) when fire marshals insisted the place close down because of overcrowding and numerous other violations.

Patti — who was wearing moccasins, leg warmers, cutoff jeans and an oversized blazer — had two songs to go ("Ain't It Strange" and "Radio Ethiopia") in a concert that had featured a surprise guest appearance by Bruce Springsteen.

"Bruce just showed up," Patti said after the show, "and since we'd written this song together — 'Because The Night' — we asked him if he wanted to play on it. It was real cool, because when I announced him, the kids didn't go crazy like they were seein' some big superstar. I mean they liked it, and he was great — he played real hard and sang great — but he earned their respect."

(Springsteen played guitarist Lenny Kaye's guitar for the number.)

The theater is the latest business venture of Hilly Kristal's — who owns the now famous CBGB Club on the Bowery. It used to be called the Anderson, and housed the Yiddish Theater and vaudeville acts before it was closed down in the late 1960s. It can seat more than 1,500 people, but obviously needs a lot of work and, during these cold winter months, a lot more heat.

But it's a great new place for rock acts, especially those considered "new wave" bands who have met with trouble getting bookings elsewhere. Patti obviously wants to help support the place.

"I loved playin' there," she said. "It has the same feel and the spirit of something like the TAMI show; it feels like an old movie theater. My dream was to play the Fillmore East, but since we can't resurrect that, this is the closest we've had to that feeling.

"It's more of a people's theater. Of course there are a lot of things wrong with it; the ticket prices were too high, ($7.50) for example. We've been in the studio, and I really didn't know that that's what they were asking for a ticket. It should be around $5.

"I asked for less money than I would have somewhere else, because I really want to see this theater work. Part of an artist's responsibility is to make these places work, and if we all sacrifice some stuff, it could work.

"They said it was overcrowded, well, it was. And it wasn't 'freebies' as was reported — that's ridiculous. I had ten people on my guest list. Part of the problem is greed — you can't sell all kinds of standing room and stairway room...

"Of course I realize the problems in running a theater. Maybe I could do some poetry readings there, very cheaply, and help put some money back into the theater.

"This could be a really cool place for new bands, and the English pub bands, to play," she continued. "It's not as intimidating, as slick, or as organized as the Palladium ... but they're all good. The success of one doesn't annihilate the other.

"It's important to have places to play. When the Mercer Arts Center burned down, we couldn't play anywhere for the two years — in 1973, 1974 — the only bookings Lenny and I (then the beginning of the Patti Smith Group) could get were to open folk acts."

If this theater works, it could set an example to promoters in other cities where rock bands so far have been limited to one or two halls.

(By the way, the fire marshals didn't interfere with a birthday cake for Patti brought onstage at the end of the evening as the audience all joined in singing "Happy Birthday.").

With his manic, robot - like stage presence, and a unique, rock-blues influenced guitar style, Wilko Johnson was easily the most interesting thing — visually and musically — in Dr. Feelgood. When he left the band last year he was replaced by guitarist Bob Mayo, but for us diehard Wilko fans, Feelgood never was quite the same.

Recently in London, at the tiny, hot and sweaty Hope and Anchor pub in Islington, Wilko's new band — simply called (well, why not?) Wilko — performed. He looks as amazing onstage as ever; he still races around (as much as he could on a tiny stage) and machineguns the audience with his guitar. His voice is in fine shape, and his new band shows promise.

Wilko plays many of the songs that he wrote for Feelgood, plus quite a few new ones. Perhaps the only problem with Wilko's new band (and remember, this was a very early date and he was obviously nervous) is that once again, he is not only the most interesting thing — visually and musically — in the band, he is the *only* visually interesting thing in this band. At least when he was onstage with vocalist Lee Brilleaux (a powerful stage presence in his own right) in the original Dr. Feelgood, they could divide the chores.

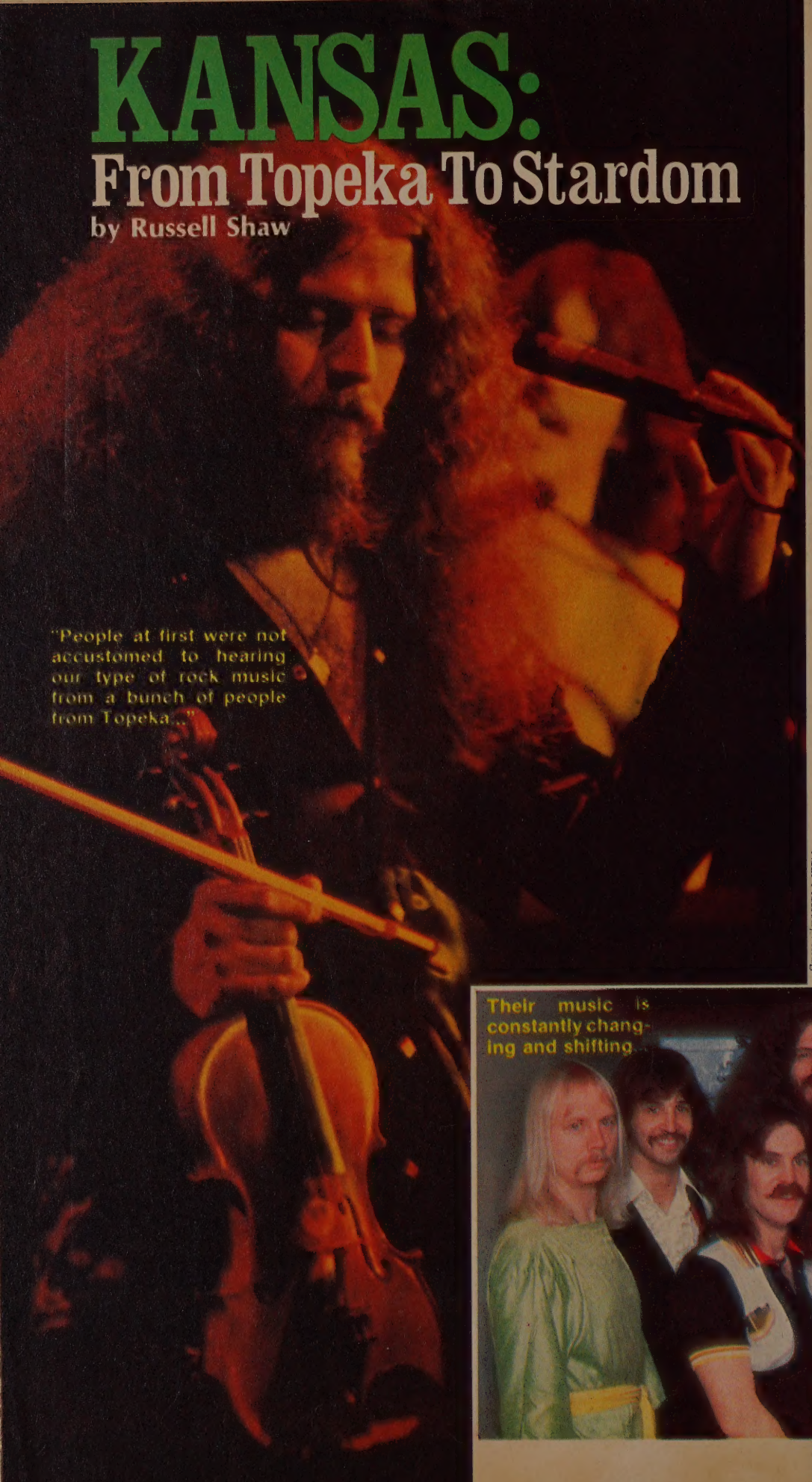
Now Wilko is definitely the front man, and he even chats between numbers ... a role he doesn't seem totally comfortable with. However, it's still early days, and Wilko, as always, is worth watching.

Sheila Rock

Once again, he is not only the most interesting thing — visually and musically — in the band, he is the ONLY visually interesting thing in this band.

KANSAS:
From Topeka To Stardom

by Russell Shaw



"People at first were not accustomed to hearing our type of rock music from a bunch of people from Topeka..."

Neal Preston/Mirage

On a recent transcontinental flight, I purchased a headset in order to listen to the movie being shown on the plane. Filled to capacity, the jumbo jet was a movie theater in the sky as young and old alike watched *Heroes,* which stars Henry Winkler and Sally Field.

At the end of the touching tale, the movie theme song seeped through the eardrums of the two hundred viewers. The tune was "Carry On Wayward Son," by none other than Kansas. While the sextet, with two platinum (sales of over one million units) albums in 1977 alone is one of the biggest groups in the nation, the exposure in the Winkler - Field flick is a step towards even more mass notoreity.

"People at first were not accustomed to hearing our type of rock music come from a bunch of people from Topeka, Kansas," informs the violinist, Robbie Steinhardt. "They might have been expecting something cornpone like the farm hour, but in truth, we mostly have had the benefit of enriching backgrounds. My father, for one, is the head of the music department at Kansas State University."

Steinhardt is indeed one of the main solo voices of Kansas. As opposed to some rock fiddlers whose attempts to weave classical styles into a more modern idiom leave

(continued on page 59)

Their music is constantly changing and shifting...

Neal Preston/ Mirage

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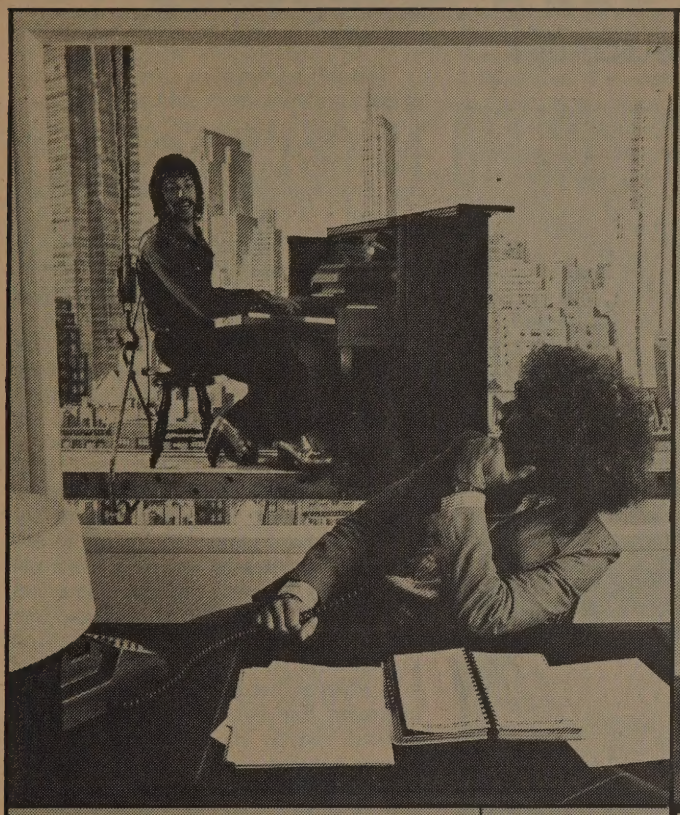

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BOOMTOWN RATS
An Irish Invasion

by Dave Schulps

Their music is solid and direct rock 'n' roll ... something of a bridge between the punks and the "new wave" people like Graham Parker, Elvis Costello and Feelgood.

Bob Geldof, the Boomtown Rats' lead singer, is no shrinking violet. He talks fast, is not known to mince words, and exhibits a brash and cocky exterior to rival such noted introverts as Muhammad Ali and Norman Mailer. But tonight even he will admit to being just a wee bit nervous as he paces the dressing room of the Apollo Theatre in Glasgow, Scotland. He is not without his reasons.

First off, the Apollo is to this date the largest gig the Rats have ever played. By American standards it is not an enormous place, seating somewhere in the vicinity of 3,000, but for a band who only a year and a half ago were just six guys standing on the unemployment line in Dublin, it's imposing nonetheless.

More to the point, though, is the theatre itself. The Apollo is probably the most legendary rock 'n' roll palace in all of Britain. Ask any musician who's ever played there and chances are he'll have a story or two to tell about the place. You see, Apollo audiences are known to react. None of this sit - on - your - hands - and - polite - applause - at - the - end stuff for them. No sir. If they like you, they love you. And if they don't ... well, they let you know it. More than one foreign object has been hurled toward the stage in the Apollo's day.

That, and the layout of the cavernous theatre, gives the Apollo a "Christians being thrown to the lions" atmosphere. The stage, as if the theatre's builder's had the protection of bands in mind, is raised about 15 feet above the orchestra, putting it almost halfway up to the balcony, which tonight is about half filled with rock 'n' roll crazed Glaswegians (that's what they call people from Glasgow up here). The orchestra, however, is packed solid.

The opening act is the Yachts, a "power pop" band with one catchy single to their credit. Though they try hard, the general audience reaction is "thumbs down." They escape unharmed, but very few seem sorry to see them go.

Then it starts. The crowd begins chanting, "We want the Rats!" It only takes a few people to get it going, but soon nearly everyone has joined in. To my American ears, it sounds extremely comical — a couple of thousand Scottish brogues shouting in unison — but it is probably doing wonders for the nervous Rats. And it's only a couple of minutes since the Yachts have left the stage.

Before the stage is readied and the lights are finally dimmed to signal the entrance of the Rats, they have picked up the chant six different times, each one more furious and anticipatory than the one before.

A row behind me a kid yells, "Where's my man Johnny Fingers?" Fingers, the Rats' keyboard player, stands out in any crowd. For years he has only worn pajamas. That's right, pajamas. And not just on stage. In Dublin, they kicked him out of school for wearing them. God knows what he wears to bed, but Geldof says when he met Fingers — on the unemployment line two years ago — he was dressed exactly the same way as he'll appear tonight on stage. Anyone crazy enough to walk around the streets like that, Bob reckoned, was perfect for his band. Fingers became a Rat.

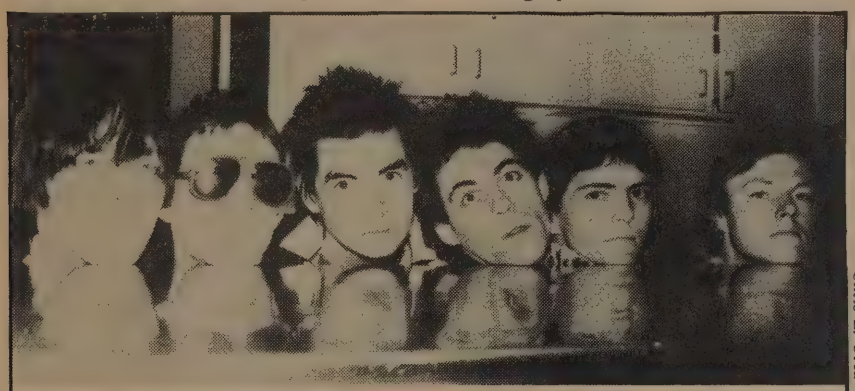
In fact, Fingers' reputation has obviously preceded him. There are a bunch of Fingers look-alikes roaming around the crowd: kids dressed in pajamas on this 35-degree Glasgow evening. Unreal. I wonder what their parents must think of all this.

Actually, the dress of the crowd as a whole reflects the enormous changes taking place in Britain right now. About half the crowd is decked out in punk attire — not safety pins, that bit's already pretty much had it — but short hair, leather jackets, and maybe a loose - fitting white shirt with slogans and names of bands painted on. Some of the shirts say "Do the Rat" on them, though many show a preference for the Pistols and especially the Clash. Most of the girls have lots of makeup on.

Still, fashion - wise, Glasgow, like most of northern Britain, seems a bit behind London. And the other half of the audience reflects this. They are mostly dressed in a style that Londoners abandoned a few years back: wide, short bell - bottom trousers; heavy leather shoes with enormous rounded fronts and clunky high heels; and neat sweaters. There are also a few "hippies" as well. They look a bit outdated and out of place in this crowd. Seated next to me are two girls, neither of whom could be a day over 12. They are clad in full punk regalia. A year ago, no doubt, they were attending Bay

City Rollers' concerts and wearing those horrible short trousers with the Tartan trimming. The times they are a'changin'!

The lights finally go down and the shouting commences again. But this time the Boomtown Rats scurry onto the stage. It is to be the first "new wave" concert I have seen in Britain and I wonder whether the hysteria will build into the kind of frenzied violent atmosphere that has been shown on the TV reports we've had in the States. I hope not. I don't like violence. Experience has shown, though, that the media sensationalizes, exaggerates minor isolated incidents until you think they are happening all over when it really isn't that way at all. I am glad to be able to witness this show first-hand.



Chris L. Urca

"...a lot of the bands here think 'fun' is a word to be sneered at."

As the Rats prepare to begin, my mind flashes back to an interview I did with Bob Geldof in New York a few months back. The band's self - titled debut album had just been released and Geldof was in town to talk about it and show a film of the Rats in concert. He talked about being tired of hearing every kind of rock except rock 'n' roll, of wanting to bring back a total excitement — "visual, cerebral, oral and physical" — to the music, of revitalizing the rock dream that was so essential to him as he grew up. He felt that one of the best ways to accomplish that was to take rock out of the 20,000 seat arenas and stadium and put it back into smaller, more intimate concert halls and clubs — even if it meant having the band play more dates in a particular place. If you've ever sat, as most of us have, in the last row of some enormous basketball arena and tried to enjoy the music of four stick-sized figures hundreds of yards away, then you probably can understand what he meant. Now, as he stands poised to kick off the show, he is obviously in a position to live out his own rock dream — and to take a crowd of two thousand people along for the ride.

Finally, they're off, breaking into "She's Gonna Do You In," a cut from their album. Immediately, the crowd is off, too. Up off their seats, up on their feets ... Some mouth the lyrics, some bob their heads, and the pogo. That's right, pogo. For anyone who hasn't been reading about what's been happening in Britain this past year, pogoing is the act of hurling yourself straight up in the air as high as you can go, and letting gravity do the rest. It's simple — look ma, no steps! Well, if you've never experienced being in the midst of a crowd of hundreds of pogoing people, you've missed one of the great experiences of your life. Believe me. It's fantastic. The energy generated by a mass of people bouncing up and down furiously makes you feel like you're a cylinder in the engine of an enormous high-speed machine. Sure it's exhausting, but the exhilaration you feel is worth building up a sweat.

On stage, the Boomtown Rats are working up a sweat as well. Their music is solid and direct rock 'n' roll. The steady beat keeps the pogoers happy, but you could not really call it punk rock either, because they've really passed the point of blam - blam - blam - and - hope - that - we - all - end - at - the - same - time. They play tightly, with precision, and still manage to convey the same energy and enthusiasm as the punk bands. They are, as Geldof will tell you, something of a bridge between the punks on one hand and the "new wave" people like Graham Parker, Elvis Costello, and Dr. Feelgood on the other, drawing their inspirations equally from both of those camps, and adding a look and feel obviously reminiscent of the Stones in their heyday.

Geldof, himself, will probably remind a lot of people of Jagger. He is in perpetual motion: jumping, shaking, pacing, sticking his face out at the crowd, yet unlike say, Steve Tyler, he seems to borrow more of Jagger's subtleties than his exaggerations and is therefore able to get away with it without blatantly ripping Jagger off. And his vertically striped t-shirt with thin tie and black peg pants certainly give him a look that is entirely his own.

The rest of the band also recalls the Stones at times: drummer Simon Cowe and bassist Pete Briquette setting up the kind of super simple but rock solid beat that always characterized the Stones' sound; the two guitarists, Gerry Cott and Garry Roberts, a study in contrasts, Cott standing relatively still, his face hidden behind shades, playing most of the leads when necessary, but mainly providing a sturdy counter - rhythm to the more extrovert Roberts, who punctuates his chords with little leaps and lots of movement around the Apollo's large stage. Finally, there's Fingers at the keyboards (aren't there always!) filling in whatever gaps may be left in the sound and providing still more visual counterpoint to Geldof's strong presence.

Yet it is mostly Geldof who sets up the personality of the band; tough, abrasive, and sometimes even obnoxious. After one number he looks into the crowd and asks how many people don't own their album. When over half the hands in the hall go up, he roars his disapproval: "I want you all to go out and buy the album and make me rich," he says, and adds, "richer than you are."

Another time he asks that the spotlight be directed onto a section of the crowd that isn't responding to the band and proceeds to direct the attention of everyone in the hall onto them, as if to shame the whole section into reacting. A short time after, he uses the same technique on an individual. "You see this guy," says Geldof, after directing the spotlight onto a flashily dressed punk about 15 rows back, "he's a poser. He thinks he's too good to dance like the rest of you." If it seems a bit cruel, it probably was, but shortly after the guy was seen dancing along and the whole area around him had loosened up considerably.

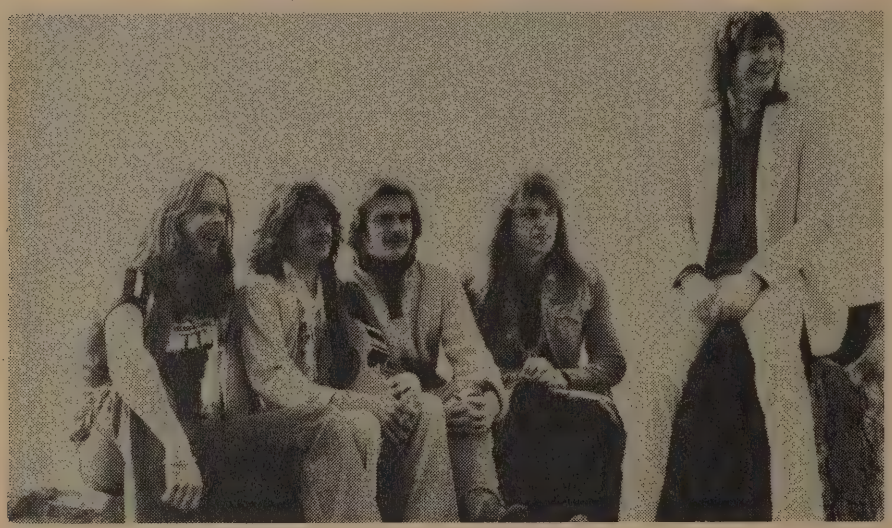
He also makes use of the crowd in a dance number called "Do the Rat," a ridiculous creation by the band in which they ask the crowd to get down on all fours and put their hands in front of their face and make rats' whiskers. Of course, very few respond to this dance at first, since it is pretty absurd looking, so the band brings four volunteers onto the stage to demonstrate how to do it, and after about five minutes of nonsense on stage, the kids are given a few prizes and happily return to their seats.

Throughout it all, the music, though, keeps getting hotter and hotter. The Rats had two top 10 singles in Britain last year and they save them until the very end of their set. First they do "Mary of the Fourth Form," a song about a classroom fox who not only turns all the boys on, but leaves the teacher hot as well. The whole crowd seems to be headed down toward the front of the orchestra by midway through the song, pogoing in the aisles and singing along with the song's simple chorus.

The other hit follows. "Looking After No. 1" invites still more audience participation and by this time everybody is into it. They don't have to be asked. The song is about people being themselves, being individuals and not following others, so it is a bit ironic that it inspires the audience to react not individually, but as one mass. When the chorus of the song ("I don't want to be like you/I don't want to live like you/I don't want to talk like you, at all") comes around, Geldof points his finger out at the crowd whenever he comes to the word "you." At the same time, the audience thrusts their fingers out at him. Finally, on the last verse, Geldof, and the crowd in turn, directs his fingers at himself and ends up declaring

(continued on page 22)

WE READ YOUR MAIL



Yes

Dear Hit Parader,

I found your review of Yes, *Going For The One* in your February '78 issue very distasteful. The sound on the album does reflect the roots of Yes. I'll bet that James Spina never heard the very first Yes album. The comments on Steve Howe's guitar playing and Jon Anderson's singing were uncalled for. Saying that Steve Howe plays the guitar as if he were being timed for a civil service examination and that Jon Anderson's voice sounded as though his groin was perched on the edge of a razor blade dinosaur really made me mad. I think Yes is one of the world's greatest groups. Your article on Yes in the back of the issue was interesting and very informative — thanks for that.

A True Yes Fan
Pittsburgh, Pa.

James Spina: "Yes, I agree. The only Yes album worth owning is the first one."

Etc...

Dear Hit Parader,

In your Feb. '78 issue, I read the Tom Petty article. He said that Gainsville was "a little town in the swamp." Gainsville is *NOT* small and it is *NOT* in a swamp. It *IS* surrounded by Redneck towns on all sides. The college isn't as big as the town. Has Tom been here lately?

Jessica Williams
Gainsville, Florida

Kiss

Dear Hit Parader,

I'm getting pretty sick and tired of hearing from Kiss haters who say all of us 12 & 13 year-olds "just love Kiss." I'm twelve and I *HATE* Kiss! We always get made fun of for that. This just goes to show that some of us don't! I like Jethro Tull, Led Zep, Thin Lizzy, Black Sabbath, Blondie, etc... So next time some older teenager picks up to write about how much he/she hates Kiss (rightly writing about it) don't forget *MY* age!

Bewildered and disgusted
Chicago, ILL.

Dear Hit Parader,

I read in a magazine that the real names of the guys in Kiss are Paul Frehley, Stanley Eisen, Gene Klein and Peter Crisscoula. I couldn't believe it when I read it. Is it true or just a rumor or what? Please let me know the truth because I'm a big fan of Kiss and all my friends and I want to know if it's true.

All Mixed Up
Newark, Ohio

Dear All Mixed Up,

They say their names are Gene Simmons, Peter Criss, Ace Frehley and Paul Stanley. (Ed.)

Dear Hit Parader,

I'm a big fan of Cat Stevens and I was wondering if you have any information about his upcoming plans? Is he going to tour soon? And if he is — is it going to be a big tour or not?

Roberta Peterson
San Diego, Ca.

Dear Roberta,

Cat Stevens is planning a big tour for this spring. Watch this space for further details. (Ed.)

Dear Hit Parader,

I've really enjoyed your articles in the past on famous reggae groups — especially Bob Marley and the Wailers who are my all-time favorites! I was really unhappy when they had to cancel their last tour — but I know it was unavoidable. Do you know if Marley is ever going to perform here again? And when is his new lp coming out?

Lynn Robbins
Washington, D.C.

Dear Lynn,

Marley's new lp is titled Kaya — *which is another one of those Jamaican street slang terms for marijuana. He'll probably come to tour the United States for six weeks in May. (Ed.)* □

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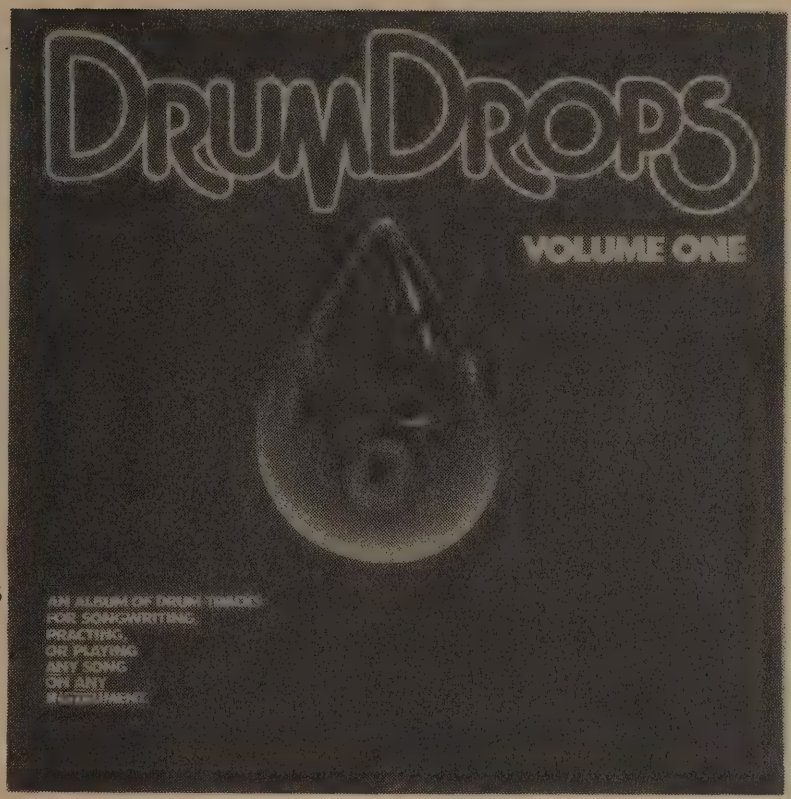

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SPINADDICT • SPINADDICT

by
JAMES
SPINA

This usually brief introduction might run on forever. It was a boring AND skimpy month for new releases. As I write this (though not when you read it) Christmas has just passed. Most of the record companies have saved all their big sellers up in order to release them just before the holidays. Ditto last month's glut of greatest hits packages all wrapped up as stocking filler. From here on in everything gears down till mid-spring. Even the trade papers (Billboard, Cash Box and Record World) have nothing to write about. That in itself is a shame since the import scene is as vibrant as ever. The best record of the month, *Radio Stars* stands little chance of stateside release since it's on Chiswick, a mini British label.

LINDA RONSTADT

But that's not the worst of it. About two months ago I pleaded for some reader response to let me know what you thought of the new wave groups I've been raving about. To date I have received two letters of encouragement and about twenty letters telling me how much I suck because of my cruel words about Linda Ronstadt's current number one lp. I feel obligated to respond. Linda is not a talentless fool. She is a wasted talent. All those letters forced me to listen to her new record but it also got me into some of her previous releases. The comparisons are monstrous. I never minded her shift from country music to rock. I am offended by her total sellout to bland pop formulas guaranteed to get her radio time right up there with Pat Boone offspring. Her cover versions grow moldy with repetition after the first few bars. Her idea of rocking is taking one hook phrase and repeating it until even a new-born baby could repeat the phrase. This is the first time I have ever said this but ... please if you are thinking of writing me a letter about Ronstadt ... don't bother. Your defenses are almost as boring as her album. *(This does not reflect the opinion of the entire editorial staff. Thank you. Ed.)*

TED NUGENT

Thought I was finished complaining? Wrong. My next words of venom have to do with that animal killer next most responsible for reader reactions ... Ted Nugent. This may come as a surprise to some of you but I actually own every album ever released by this aging arrow bender. I keep them to remind myself just how terrible heavy metal guitar playing can get. Knotty-haired Nugent is just a whimper up against old line grinders such as Blue Cheer, Black Sabbath and Nazareth. Polydor Records has just dug up some old Amboy Dukes tracks to feed my case of disgust.

"SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST" is a live one and "MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS" is studio stuff dating back to 1969. I have to give Nugent credit for one thing. When he dropped the Amboy Dukes he was ditching one of the worst bands of all time. These jerks had no bottom. Ted's guitar work on the live disc sounds super snarly only because the rest of the band sounds downright catatonic. The songs are all blues-blah riffs trailing off in lazy codas of show off insomniac plucking. And you can completely forget about "MARRIAGE". It is loaded with shots of portentious classical aspirations, not-funny studio gimmicks and concepts obviously conceived in a haze. Nugent probably wishes these atrocities never got re-released. For once I agree with him. Like I said I'll be keeping these records just in case any of those letter writing fans decide to pay me a visit. They are proof positive that the only thing raw about Ted Nugent is the meat he eats.

Mary Alfieri

AEROSMITH

While we are still on the subject of heavy metal (and not quite finished with the mood of the introduction yet!) I suppose I should say something about AEROSMITH'S "DRAW THE LINE" (COL.). Let's start it with some kind words and maybe I'll get in the mood. The Hirshfeld cover drawing is wonderful and ties right into the title of the record. Hirshfeld works his daughter's name into every drawing he does. It is "Nina". Look for it yourself. And now the music. Uh-oh Lisa I think I'm in trouble. *(We believe in freedom of expression here. Ed.)* Now don't get me wrong especially since I've been a fan for years. Maybe I'll get all of that admiration out of the way first. Way back when I wrote for a mag called Rock Marketplace (since replaced by New York Rocker), I was raving about the finer points of this little old band from Boston.

I bought the first album the same day that I purchased the first New York Dolls album and it was a toss up as to which one I liked more. Aerosmith popped on the scene in some transitionally lean times. There wasn't much happening back in those days and the band deserved more credit than they initially got. In fact I don't think it was until after the re-release of their single "Dream On" that things started happening. CBS put little push behind the band. They made it strictly on energy and slightly on the fact that lead singer Steve Tyler did a dandy takeoff of Mick what's - his - name.

Back in those days (first and second album) I looked to the band as a latter day Yardbirds vehicle (due mainly to Perry's idolization of Jeff Beck) with wonderful tendencies towards Spooky Tooth - Free vocals. The band also had a roots - fulfilling feel for covering older material suitably hardened for life in the dare-age.

All that praise still goes but "DRAW THE LINE" brings me down. The beat at times resorts to some uncalled for heavy-handedness which in turn finds Tyler resorting to sickly whining (most noticeable on "Kings And Queens"). And when will we have a built-up ballad to replace "Dream On". They never tried it again. And that's a pity because we all know just how powerful the song could be. I love when a sturdy group like Nazareth takes on a slowboat such as "Love Hurts". Aerosmith needs to pull that off at least once per record but they don't.

My last complaint is actually a left - handed compliment. The best song on

the album is Joe Perry's "Bright Light Fright". Perry actually even takes lead vocals on this ode to ghastly confrontations with a TV set while on tour in a never ending string of motel rooms. The song hits like when Keith steps out on "Happy". Perry has one of those painfully endearing nonvoices. He screams the hell out of this song and as an added attraction, Stan Bronstein lets fly with a scorching guest sax solo. It just makes me want to hear more of Perry even though I know that that could raise hell within the concept of the group.

So I'm not completely thrilled with "DRAW THE LINE". I expect more from them and as we all know these are times when no established group can expect to sit back and bide their time. There's tons of new stuff happening out there and I don't want to see Aerosmith lost in the shuffle. Perhaps it will grow on me. Till then it's mainly "Bright Light Fright" and that Kinkish stab at "Milk Cow Blues".

DETECTIVE

One last dish of the old guard before we get into the only two worthwhile efforts of the month. Back when I was in ecstasy over Aerosmith's first album, there was a new group from England called Silverhead fronted by one-time movie urchin Michael Des Barres. He sounded exactly like Steve Marriot at his best. His new group DETECTIVE has just released their second album on Swansong, "IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE," and it stinks. The band has all the right musical ingredients but not a hint as to what to do with them. The songs are hack. The playing sounds mechanical. And Des Barres sounds lost. They sound more vivacious than vicious. It could easily be a Hollywood version of what notes to play in a rock and roll revival movie of 1974. Besides they spend all too much time toning down the rough edges with studio over-arrangements and soppy slow passages. Give me ten minutes with them and I'd have these old geezers rockin' their way right into the vanguard of the new wave. New Wave? HERE WE GO KIDS...

I wish I could get rid of that phrase "new wave". I think it might be turning off people that feel this whole thing is a slap at rock 'n' roll when in fact it is the slap inherent to rock and roll. My good friend Eddie wants it broadened to "power pop" so that might help some since it leaves room for old timers willing to get on the ball and stop regurgitating the moves of the past few years. I'm not calling for a massive jump on the punk bandwagon. That would be as awful as trying to be just like Led Zep/The Stones / etc... There are many new things happening falling under the banner of new wave (from Talking Heads to the Ramones; Patti Smith to Tom Petty). Enough pontificating.

THE JAM "THIS IS THE MODERN WORLD" (POLYDOR) This group is proof positive that this new generation of rockers can still venerate the past while rewriting the present. The Jam love The Who. It's stenciled on everything they do. They are even progressing in that same articulate - yet - outrageous manner that The Who did from "My Generation" towards "Sell Out". (I only hope they don't have a "Tommy" up their sleeve). Catch those Carnaby threads on the cover of The Jams' latest. These guys are trendy and don't give a damn what you think. They love their suits from Take Six and their sweaters from Lord Johns.

And this band wants ACTION. They use that word in every other song they write. That movement permeates and propels their slamming music along on a trip through countless English nods. Paul Weller writes most of the songs but the occasional contribution from Bruce Foxton really gets to me. His "Don't Tell Them You're Sane" comes off like The Ramones gone mild. He just might turn into the British vanguard for lobotomies.

Jam music sounds 'toyishly' cute when compared to the other two parts of Britain's top Trinity, The Pistols and The Clash. That's not chastizing since I like my pop pleasantly palatable at times and besides, Weller's vocals are plenty gritty. Many critics think this one pales compared to the group's first effort but I disagree. The only thing I don't love on "MODERNWORLD" is a rather weak version of "Midnight Hour" and even that is an improvement over The Batman Theme from the first lp. And if their politics seem suspect it is only because they seem to approach it from the other side of textbook innocence. In "The Combine," Weller takes on a war in Rhodesia as some useless oddity vaguely noted on the news on TV.

There is everything here for everybody. A ballad "Tonight At Noon" repleat with handclaps; girl watching ala "London Girls"; and a batch of anthems "The Modern World" and "All Around The World" to take us straight into 1988. Fact is "Modern World" says it all better than that glut of explanatory notes I handed you earlier:

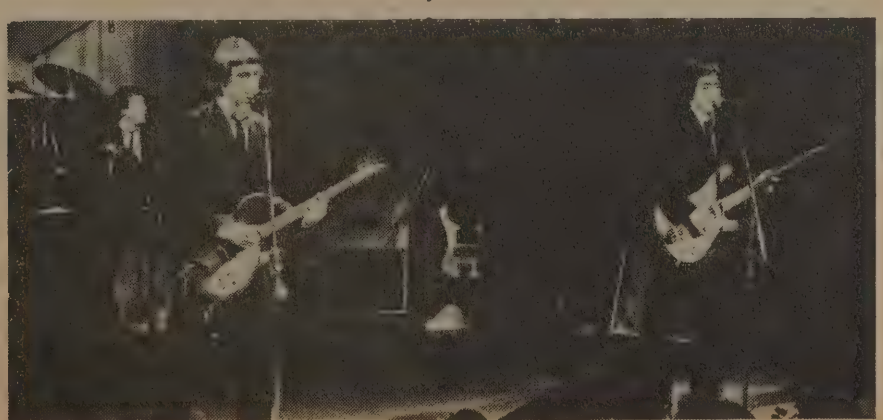
All over the country
(Want a Direction)
All over this land
(Need a reaction)
There should be a youth explosion
(Inflate Creation)
But something we can command
What's the point in saying destroy
I want a new life for everyone

Why didn't I say that?

RADIO STARS "SONGS FOR SWINGING LOVERS" (CHISWICK) I saved the best for last but if you want it you'll have to spend the bucks on an import. The group is made up by Andy Ellison (the voice that taught Marc Bolan some quiver tricks way back in John's Children, bassist - songwriter Martin Gordin (the only worthwhile ingredient in Sparks during their English stay), Ian Macleod on guitar and Steve Parry on drums.

Ellison is an old timer despite his youthful looks and aggressive stage movements (he appeared on the soundtrack for "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush" and does backward flips on stage!!).He uses his voice like some electric tool, brashly stepping in and out of each song's catchy concept. Strongest tracks are "Nervous Wreak", a killer version of "Talkin' Bout You" and "Eric", a tour-de-force guitar jangler depicting the life of an ultimately super-duper dude who WAS one of the best. Don't they all end up that way? "Nothing Happened Today" lampoons the whole British blooze boom in the space of thirty odd seconds and how can you not love a group that ends their album with a song called "Buy Chiswick Records" and includes a bonus single of two of their previous hits.

Next month I promise not to mention Ted Nugent and Linda.□



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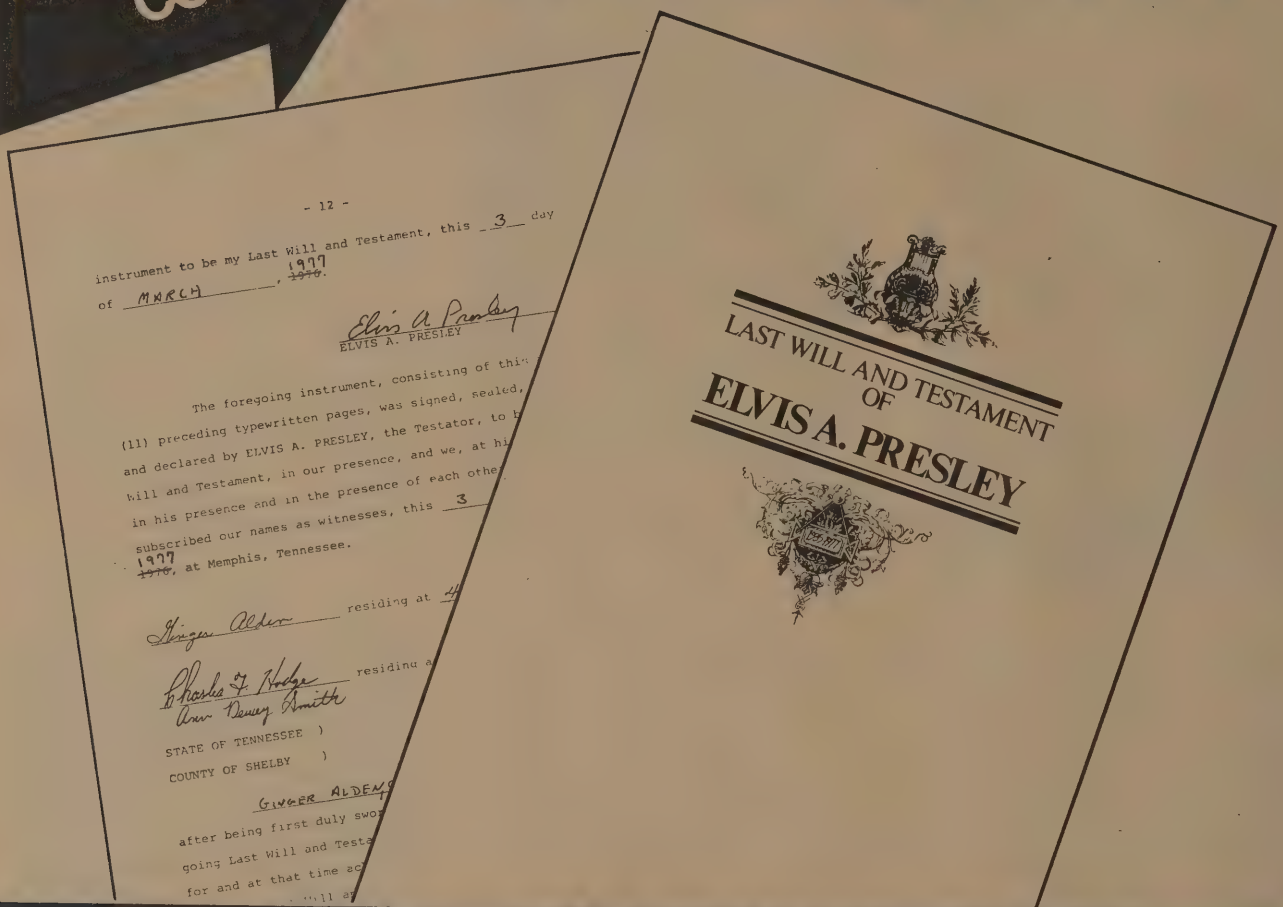
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Neal Preston/Mirage

Riot On Sunset Strip

a fantasy

by Legs McNeil

"California, here I come, right back where I started from," I hummed ecstatically as the big United Airlines 727 Jumbo Jet landed with a thud at the Los Angeles International Airport and taxied down the runway. "Well, maybe all those years of living in my private dump on Tenth Avenue have finally paid off," I mused to myself as I gathered up my broken down suitcase held together with string, and pulled it down from the luggage rack over my seat.

"You're one lucky shamus," I mumbled aloud to myself, not fully believing that the American Association of Private Investigators had actually invited me, Legs McNeil to Los Angeles, all expenses paid, to speak at the annual Convention of Private Eyes. "All expenses paid, all expenses paid." I still couldn't believe it. Los Angeles, Hollywood, Rocky and Bullwinkle, Lauren Bacall, Oscar Madison, Raymond Chandler, Disneyland and chiliburgers. I was the happiest guy in the world. Not even the thought of the Budweiser brewing company going out of business could dim my cheery mood. Little did I expect what was really in store for me.

After unsuccessfully trying to pick up all four of the stewardesses working my flight, I departed from the plane and soon found myself heading for the Tropicana Hotel in West Hollywood. My eyes popped at every sunny image and danced across every person on the street or in a passing car, hoping to find a movie star, as the taxi cab rolled through the palm-tree lined city blessed by the Angels. "Gee whiz," I thought, my imagination flying into fourth gear, "maybe I'll get discovered". I fantasized myself getting out of the cab at the Tropicana and having a big black limousine pull up along side of me, and a short guy with a beret and a cigarette holder jumping out surrounded by five blonde bombshells and telling me he was a big Hollywood producer.

"I saw ya at the airport, kid," he would say, "and I think you got a face that could be the heart throb of the nation." I'd be modest and say, "Ah gee whiz, do you really think so?" and then not agree to sign anything until I got 50 per cent of merchandising, 10 per cent of points in any film, 50 per cent of any publishing in case I want to make a record and a personal secretary to answer all my fan mail. I didn't think that would be asking too much. The Hollywood producer would smile and say "Well, we can talk about that over lunch," as we jump into the limo with all the blondes now surrounding me, and drive off to Barney's Beanery.

My thoughts of overnight success were soon interrupted by the insistent grumbling of the cabbie. "Sumthin' the matter?" I asked.

"Goddam bastards," the cabbie shot back.

"Who?" I asked, thinking some car probably made a wrong turn or pulled out in front of him, almost causing an accident. I know how cabbies feel about that sort of thing, but I was bewildered by the cabbie's response.

"The goddam oil companies, that's who!" the cabbie barked back. "They run the whole industry, that's why I can't get a job!"

"What, you wanna work in a gas station?" I asked naively.

"No, no, no! I'm an actor. The whole movie industry is owned by the oil companies and big business and unless you're William Randolf Hearst Rockefeller Ford Jr., nobody wants to know you." The cabbie / actor went into a whole big spiel about how he was a great actor who moved here from New York 20 years ago but couldn't get any work, and was forced to make a living driving a cab. Luckily for me, just as my multi - talented driver was about to unleash 20 years of frustration on me, we pulled up in front of the Tropicana Hotel on Santa Monica Boulevard and I made my escape. I watched the taxi pull away and thought that a lot of people in L.A. must have the same fantasy of being discovered, so I didn't wait around for any big black limo.

I entered the front office of the Tropicana and deposited my bags on a couch by a big color T.V. and looked around for someone to help me. The room was deserted. "Maybe they had to go to the bathroom," I thought to myself as I lit up a smoke. Just then I heard

voices coming out of a little room behind the registration counter.

"Alright you double dealing dog. I've waited a long time for this but now it's payday!"

"No, no — wait a minute, be reasonable, there's plenty of money, we can split it, we'll be partners again, just like old times."

"It's too late for you, Malloy, you went too far and I spent too much time in the slammer to let you forget it."

"No, no! Don't shoot!"

I couldn't believe my own ears. I'd been in L.A. twenty minutes and already there's trouble. "Maybe that's why there're so many cop shows on T.V.," I thought as I silently pulled out my .45 from the suitcase, and crept over the counter.

"Nobody's doing any shooting when I'm around!" I bellowed as I jumped through the doorway into a firing position, readier than a vice squad cop on his wedding night.

Two well - tanned handsome fellows in shorts and t-shirts sitting down sipping coffee and holding manuscripts stared back at me blankly. I was shocked. No guns, no scar-faced villains, no stacks of green backs. Just two guys rehearsing a script. I felt my cheeks redden with embarrassment as I clumsily broke from my firing position and shoved my heat into my belt.

"Ah, um ... I guess you guys are actors ... um..." was all I managed to say. The two guys looked at me and started to laugh. I felt very foolish.

"I suppose you want a room," one of the guys finally said.

"Uh, yes." I stared at the floor while the two hotel clerks cum actors registered me. "How embarrassing," I kept repeating in my mind.

Finally they handed me a key and I picked up my suitcase and walked to the door. Feeling two sets of ridiculing eyes burning holes in the back of my head, I turned and said, "well, it was a pretty convincing performance."

"I just hope the casting director thinks so," they shot back in unison.

"Shit, I wonder if everyone in this city is Sunday Ham," I thought to myself as I marched in my room. "Good God, that would be awful," I mumbled to myself as I conjured up mental pictures of waiters reciting Shakespeare as they served grilled cheese sandwiches, comedian - check out counter men telling jokes to customers as they rang up their weekly groceries and singing vacuum cleaner salesmen belting out the latest popular tune as they tried to dump their wares on you.

"Who will buy, this wonderful vacuum,
I'm so broke, I swear I could croak...
Me oh my, I just want to make it!
But what am I to do,
to keep me in new shoes,
There must be someone who will buy——!"
(sung to the tune of "Who Will Buy" from *Oliver!)*

A city of nine million people gone

Richard E. Aaron

totally mad on being discovered. I quickly locked myself in my room, turned on the TV, and plopped down on the bed just as Felix Unger was telling Oscar not to eat with his fingers. I quickly became engrossed in "The Odd Couple" and soon forgot about the incident in the office. "Television always brings me back to sanity," I thought to myself, somewhere between the second commercial and the time I fell asleep.

I awoke to the blaring jangle of the telephone. Not being the most amiable person in the mornings, I let loose with the usual cursing and hollering as I picked up the phone.

"Goddam garbage eating greenhorn pinko eggheads!" I screamed. "What finking faggot dares to awake me???!?"

The party on the other end was speechless.

"Uh ... um... I'm ... ah, sorry Mr. McNeil, but this is the front desk and someone just dropped off an envelope here for you and said we should get it to you as soon as possible."

"Oh, how interesting," I shouted back, still not awake, and hung up the phone. About an hour later I woke up fresh as a daisy and called up the front office to see if I had been dreaming or if there really was an important message for me.

Probably just fan mail from some flounder," I thought to myself as I dialed "O" for Operator. The guy at the front desk told me gruffly that there really was a message for me and slammed down the phone. "Probably still angry with himself for waking me up," I thought as I quickly shaved, showered and made my way down the office. I was given a dirty look by the guy at the desk, which I ignored because I was in too much suspense over the mysterious message. The guy threw it over the desk and I quickly tore it open. I was shocked by the contents. Inside the long white envelope marked "Legs" were five greenbacks all adorned with good old Benjamin Franklin staring back at me.

Along with the dough was a message that read, "Legs, if you're in the mood for making a bundle meet me at the Orange Julius stand on the corner of Santa Monica Boulevard and Palm Avenue at 1:30. Come alone." It was unsigned, which made my hot little scamming senses burn with curiosity. "Maybe it was just a joke," I thought, but my eyes, ringing up the $500 in front of me, told me otherwise. I glanced at the clock above the color TV. It read 1:20. I had ten minutes to make it to the Orange Julius stand. I lit up a smoke and started walking. The warm morning breezes felt refreshing against my scrawny face.

"And besides," I thought, "if nothing else comes about, at least I could get a big glass of orange juice." I hoped they had change for a Franklin.

I arrived at the Orange Julius stand with two minutes to spare and ordered a large Orange Julius, and waited until the mysterious client let their presence be known. I sat down on a round metal day and sipped on my drink.

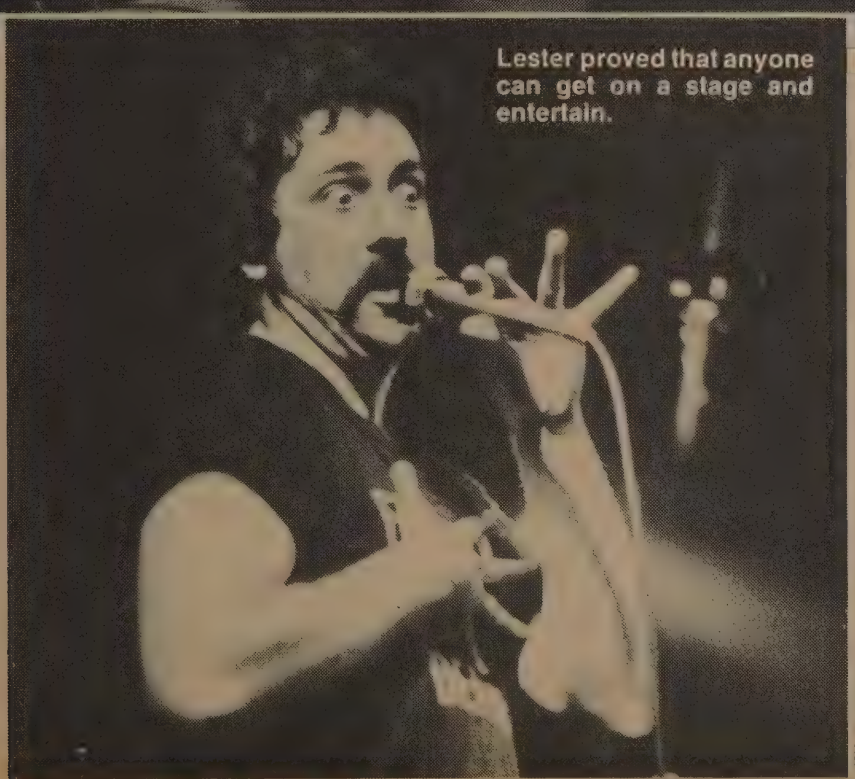
"I just hope this case doesn't interfere too much with the curvaceous delights of the private eye groupies," who I knew

(continued on page 26)

ROCK CRITICS CLOSET ROCKSTARS?

Konelrad is a flashy guitar band...

Bob Gruen



Lester proved that anyone can get on a stage and entertain.

Joann Uhelsi

Are rock critics frustrated musicians?

Some definitely are closet rockstars, while others have even gone so far as to perform. They don't always make fools of themselves; after all, they've learned something from the years of watching the so-called professionals.

Some rock writers like Jon Landau and Richard Robinson (they've written for *Rolling Stone, Crawdaddy, Creem, Hit Parader,* and *Rock Scene)* were in bands while in college, turned to writing and didn't attempt to step on a stage again. (But both have produced others' albums.)

Others, like Jon Mendelsohn (who received acclaim with a legendary put-down of Led Zeppelin's second LP in *Rolling Stone)* struggles with his band, The Pits, in L.A. today.

But Lenny Kaye, who plays guitar in the Patti Smith Group (and wrote for *Rolling Stone, Village Voice, Hit Parader, Creem, Cavalier,* and *Rock Scene)* started out in a band called The Zoo in New Jersey in the mid-1960s, turned to rock criticism, then went back to his first love — making music.

"I've never really separated the two,"

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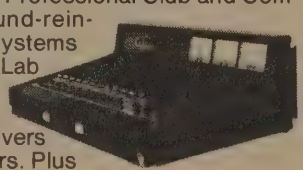

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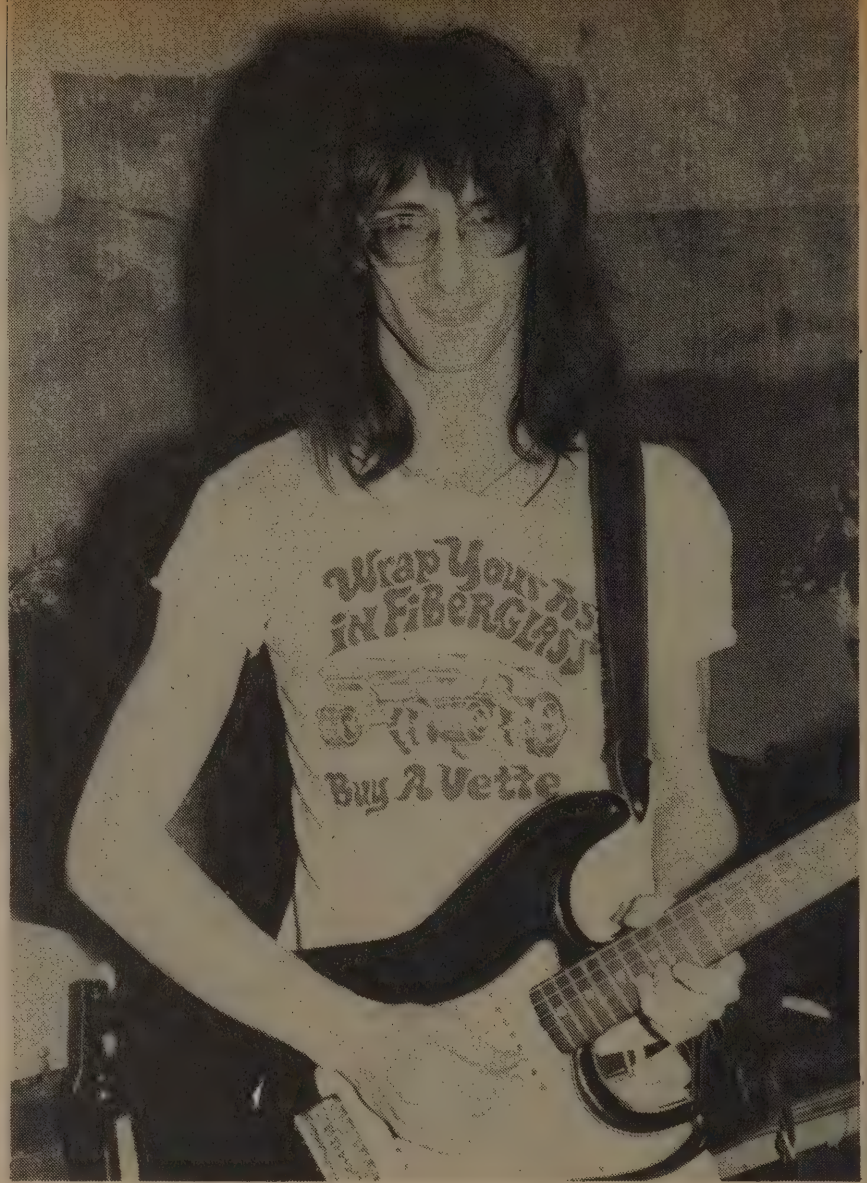

Bob Gruen

"To me, it's all the same celebration of rock and roll..."

said Kaye. "To me, it's all the same celebration of rock and roll. Playing on stage and sitting behind a typewriter commenting on someone else's performance are different experiences, however.

"Playing onstage is external and liberating, the other is internal and solitary."

Writer Trixie A. Balm *(Village Voice, Rolling Stone, Creem, Hit Parader)* currently performs with her band called Nervus Rex, and Lester Bangs's (of *Rolling Stone, Village Voice, Oui, Creem, Hit Parader, Penthouse)* recent CBGB's sets were examples of how it's possible for anyone to get on a stage and entertain.

One writer who seems intent on a serious performing career is Glenn O'Brien *(Interview, Village Voice, Rolling Stone, Oui)* whose band Konelrad debuted at CBGB's last week. Despite the auspicious punk rock locale, Konelrad really isn't "new wave"; it's more a flashy guitar band.

O'Brien has an arrogant stage presence, a unique singing style, and Konelrad's songs have such titles as "Neutron Bomb," "Seize the Means of Production," "Electricity," "Hard News" and "Industrial Accident." (Don't let the song titles fool you; this is not an intellectual band. It's rock and roll music played at high volume, and if Konelrad seriously pursues it, they have as much of a chance of getting a record contract as anyone around today.)

A few weeks ago, the Boston rock critics got together for one night only at Paul's Mall (in Boston) for a performance of "Critic and the Badmouths." Musicians included Michael Bloom *(Boston Phoenix)* on bass, and Langdon Winner *(Rolling Stone)* on piano. Writer Jimmy Isaacs *(Phoenix)* did a Bryan Ferry imitation, Ken Emerson *(Phoenix, Rolling Stone)* mimicked James Taylor singing "Fire and Rain" — and fell asleep mid-song — and the finale was Isaacs reading an instant review of the set.

Such role-shifting is, of course, the exception. Musicians often aren't word-oriented, and writers tend to feel superior to your average rock star. But if this "trend" continues, perhaps the musicians could review the critics. I know some who would leap at the chance. □L. Robinson

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BOOMTOWN RATS

(continued from page 11)

proudly: "I'm gonna be like me!" It gets everybody in the place off, tired as they are by now, and the Rats are called back for three exhaustive encores, most of the crowd singing along to each number, everyone packed in tightly up front below the stage. Still pogoing and shaking.

There has been no violence this evening. When the Rats finally leave the stage, everyone goes home: tired but satisfied. Most "new wave" concerts over here are like this; somehow what gets on TV always makes things seem worse than they are. I can remember few concerts I've enjoyed more, or felt so much a part of. It was, as Geldof hoped it would be, total excitement.

After the show, the band sits around the dressing room and talks with a few fans who have stayed around to meet them. They are pleased with the show. They sign autographs. It is only a short walk back to the band's hotel, so I and a couple of fans, join them. All of us sit down in the hotel lounge and talk for awhile about the show, about other bands, about the "new wave" and how it has helped make the music scene in Britain so incredibly vital for the first time in ages. We all wondered which bands would break big first in the States, and whether the Sex Pistols would be able to cause the sensation in America that they have in Britain.

The Rats talked about how much they'd like to come to America and how they would be doing so as soon as arrangements could be made. "I love the whole scene here," Geldof said, "but a lot of the bands here think 'fun' is a word to be sneered at. I'm in it for the fun. There's room for us all here, though, and there's room for us all in America, too."

The Boomtown Rats seem well on their way to becoming a band to contend with in the late 70s. Six months ago, the band left their native Ireland to try and make it in England. At their first gig, in a town called Blackburn, Lancashire, there were fifteen people in the audience. Since then, though, they have had the two hit singles, a best selling album, and they are fast turning into a good concert attraction.

Geldof can't help but feel proud. "I don't want to sound naive," he says, "but it's so gratifying to go into a city where you've never been before and 2,000 kids come out and pay to see you. A concert ticket is expensive, and most of these kids are not wealthy. It just makes you more determined. If you lose that determination, you might as well forget it. If you're not impressed with the fact that those kids have come to see you, if you don't go out there and give everything to the last drop, if they don't leave drained like the band is, you might as well give up. I'm proud of what we've achieved here in six months."

So watch out, America. Sometime in the near future we just might be invaded by a pack of Irish rats. Boomtown Rats, that is.□

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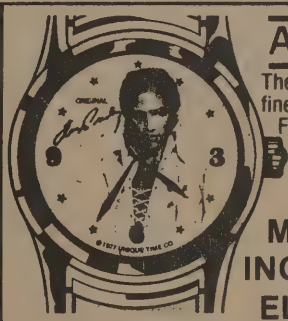

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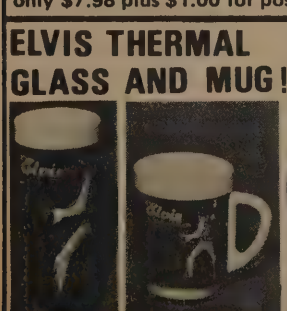

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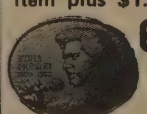

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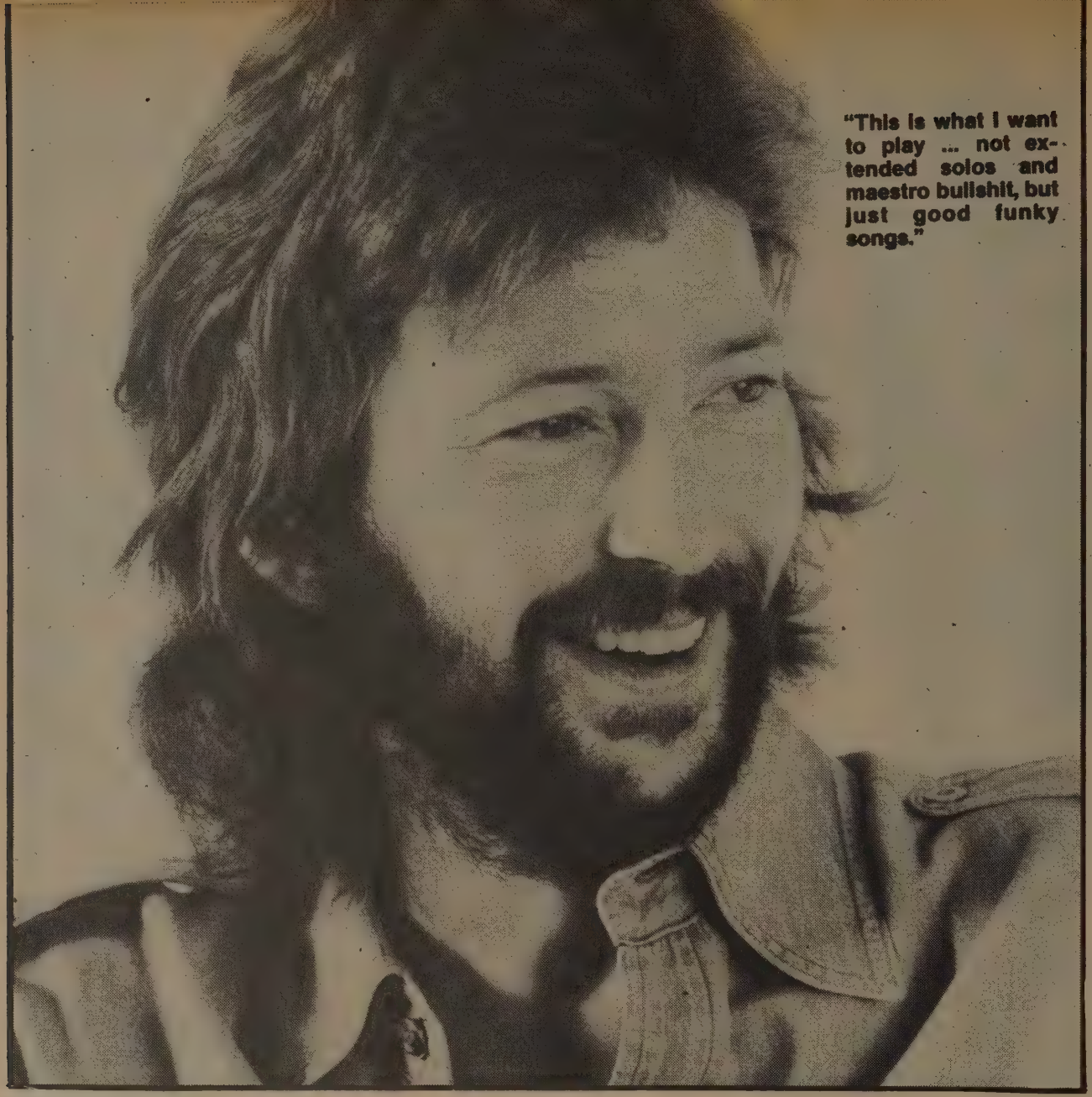

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ERIC CLAPTON ORIGINAL GUITAR HERO

by Stephen Demorest

Maybe if Eric Clapton had been born uglier, or poorer, or in Indonesia, he'd have more "desire" — that competitive urge to slay everyone in sight, to make music at the cutting edge of rock, to be first and foremost in the eyes and ears of the pop public. But Clapton's just not that kind of competitor. His music over the last several years shows that, like the John Travolta character in "Saturday Night Fever," he's no longer interested in that sort of limelight. Too bad.

They call his latest album *Slowhand*. My thoughts exactly. I'm as grateful to Eric Clapton as anyone who was young in the 60s, but the current 32-year-old version is simply no thriller. He seems to be just another working stiff musician making simple ditties for the common man — a fine occupation for a mere mortal, but listening to this album is like watching Joe Louis shadow-box with the guests in a Miami hotel lobby for a living. Clapton's solos are neat little fills now, where once the man stretched his strings toward infinity. One of rock's original guitar heroes, he no longer plays heroically.

How the mighty have mellowed.

The Slowhand monicker actually dates back to Clapton's glory days, his 18-month tenure as lead guitarist with the Yardbirds. Their manager, Giorgio Gomelsky, tagged him with it while the band was in residence at the Crawdaddy Club. He was a prince then: the classic face, the majestic, poignant blues runs, always slightly independent from his peers as he shuttled from the Yardbirds to Mayall to Cream to Blind Faith. Like Neil

What we have here is a man who runs from fame every time it singles him out, a man who doesn't seem to want to be considered 'super'.

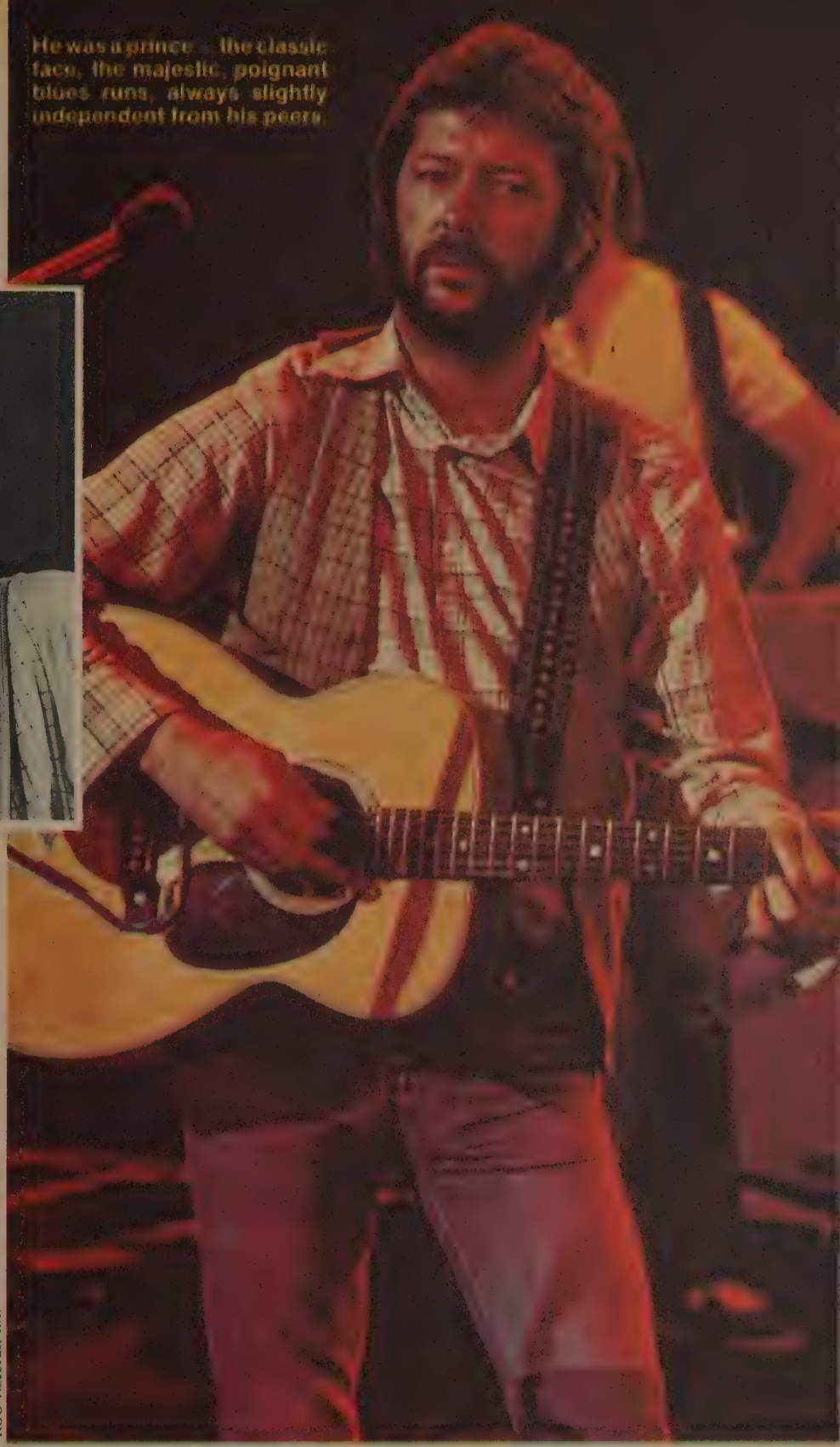
Young in the U.S., he was the personification of the sensitive loner genius who never quite fit into anyone else's niche.

Even then, Clapton had a habit of ducking the threat of the spotlight. When he saw the Yardbirds getting too commercial, he quit the seminal English band and dove into the obscurity of John Mayall's blues outfit. Then he ducked out of the legendary Cream, a group so influential they could have played farewell tours well into the 1980s if they'd cared to.

Part of that decision was influenced by the first Band album, *Music From Big Pink*. "This is what I want to play," Eric noted, "not extended solos and maestro bullshit, but just good funky songs." For better or worse, he seems to have stuck to that resolve.

Superstardom caught up with him one more time after the release of *Derek and the Dominoes,* his most brilliantly sustained effort to date. That incredible double album was such a hit it must have scared Eric silly: he all but retired from recording for three years.

What we have here is a man who runs from fame every time it singles him out, a man who doesn't seem to want to be considered 'super'. Perhaps, like Mick Ronson and Ronnie Wood, he's never quite at ease as a front man carrying the whole show on his shoulders.



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For instance, check out that *Slowhand* album sleeve. A photo of Clapton's body from waist to shoulders, slung with a Fender — but with the head cropped off. Now that's self - effacement! It's the music we're selling here, it seems to say obstinately, not the personality of the fella on the cover. You can buy the hands, but you can't buy the face.

For all its competence, the music is similarly modest. J.J. Cale's "Cocaine" opens the album at a moderate pace, so casual and subdued it barely makes any impression. The track features some nifty

(continued on page 60)

would be flocking to the convention in droves, I mused. I had read about the convention every year in Private Eye Digest, the definitive trade paper of any serious detective and it was always revered as the shamus's social event of the year. I was dreaming about those beautiful golden tanned California girls that would be there to hear me speak and help me enjoy myself afterwards, when I felt someone tapping my shoulder. I looked up to find a large Oriental man dressed in a Chauffeur's uniform staring down at me.

"You Wegs, Pwivate Eye, yes!" he said. I nodded my head yes.

"Maybe you like to talk to bossman in big brack rickshaw," he went on to say, pointing to a big black limousine parked behind the Orange Julius stand on Palm Avenue. I stood up, my curiosity more aroused than ever, and followed the Chinese or Japanese driver over to the car. The chauffeur opened the door for me and I hopped in the back seat to find Rod dressed in a weird rock and roll custom - made suit, made out of the same material they make French underwear out of and a long white scarf wrapped loosely around his neck. We exchanged pleasantries and I rolled down the window cause I hate perfume on broads, let alone on a guy.

"You're probably wondering why I asked you here," Rod finally stated in a low tone.

"No!" I said jokingly. "I don't wonder about nothin'. It keeps me out of trouble." He was not amused. In fact, he looked downright depressed.

"You've probably heard about my well - publicized breakup with my girlfriend." I said yes, I did, but I didn't say what I remember even better were those luscious pics that appeared in Playboy back in '74 or '75 showing her more revealing sides. I didn't think he would appreciate it.

"Well, I have a note for her," the famous English rock star went on to say, interrupting my dirty thoughts, "and I wish to hire you to deliver it."

"Hmm, so that's the scam," I thought, "sounds easy enough!"

"Okay," I said, "sounds like my kind of job." Rod looked at me blankly and handed me another envelope. I looked inside and my heart skipped a beat. Inside, five more hundred dollar bills were staring back at me. Before I had time to stick the money in my pocket, he pulled the envelope back and said, "This will be waiting for you after you've completed the assignment."

"Thank you" I said politely, and he handed me yet another envelope.

I opened the door to get out, when I turned around.

"How will you know that I really gave it to her?" I asked. Rod smiled. "I have my ways."

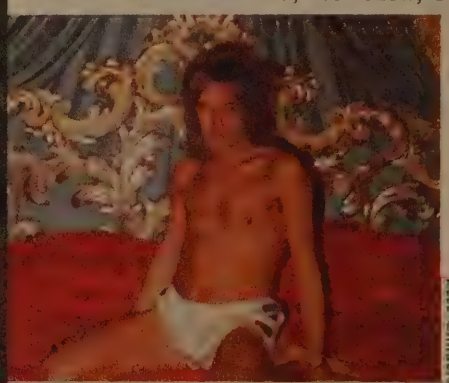
"Oh," I said, and left.

As I walked back to the Tropicana, I wondered how such a weird guy could get such a beautiful girl. "Cause he's a rock and roll star," my intellect shouted back. "Geez," I thought, maybe I should become a rock and roll star if I could get chicks like Britt Eklund," somehow, I couldn't imagine it, though. Destiny had doomed me to a wreckless life of cold water flats, frigid one night stands, and warm beer.

I returned to my room and opened my first Budweiser of the day, and thought about my assignment. "The Private Eye

As I walked back to the Tropicana, I wondered how a guy could get such a beautiful girl.

Neal Preston/Mirage



Lee Childers

I hopped in the back seat to find a Rod dressed in a weird rock and roll custom-made suit, made out of the same material they make French underwear out of...

I went inside and found myself confronted with hundreds of kids dressed in torn cloths and multi-colored hair, jumping up and down to some primitive beat

Lynn Goldsmith

convention doesn't start for two days, so all's you got to do is find her in two days, and you made an easy grand" I thought greedily. I was already spending half the money in my head, when it hit me. "Where the hell are you gonna find her." I thought and thought, steam pouring out of my ears, when I came up with a solution. "Where would you be if you just broke up with your mate of several years?" "Out picking up broads," came the answer. "Of course," I thought, "She'll be out painintg the town red, and all's I gotta do is hang out at L.A.'s foremost rock clubs and I'll surely run into her." I finished the Budweiser and opened another.

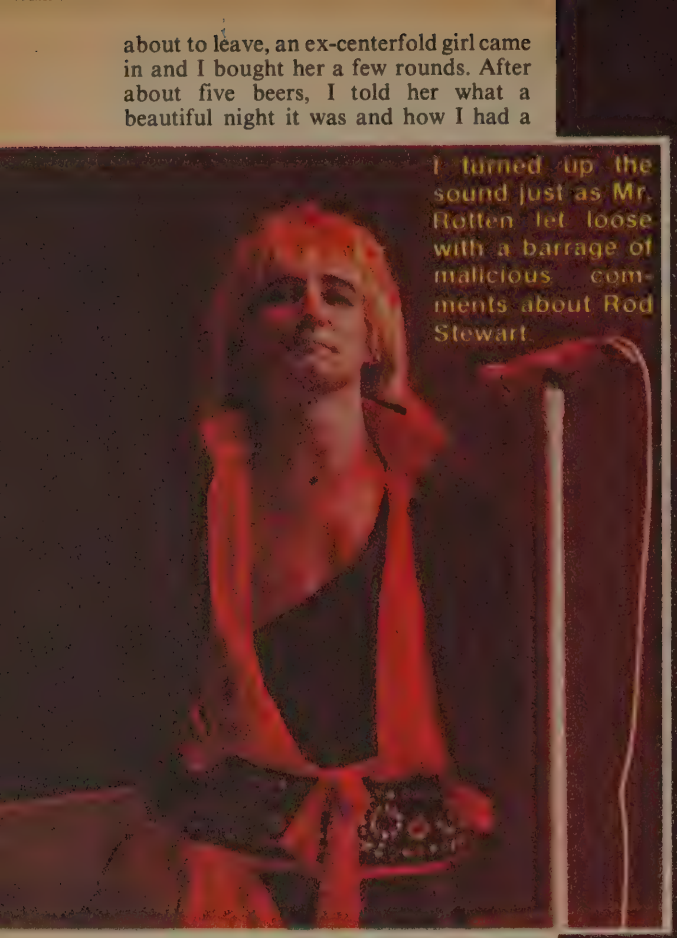
Just as I was getting ready to go out, the world's most cute and loveable face appeared on my 12" color television. "Why, it's Johnny Rotten," I mumbled, putting my jacket on and finishing off my 24th beer of the day. I turned up the sound just as Mr. Rotten let loose with a barrage of malicious comments.

"The lousy dirty poseur," Johnny said. "I hate 'em. I hope he croaks."

"Oh, Johnny, you're such a card," I mused. I turned off the T.V. and left the Tropicana for a night of Britt Eklund hunting, wondering to myself how Mr. Rotten thought up all those crazy zany antics he's become so famous for.

My first stop was the Troubador, a fun little spot down on Santa Monica. Not too much was happening. Just as I was

about to leave, an ex-centerfold girl came in and I bought her a few rounds. After about five beers, I told her what a beautiful night it was and how I had a great view of the moon from my room in the Tropicana. She said she hated the moon and retreated to a table filled with blond surfer types, and I made myself scarce.



Before I knew it everyone had left the Masque, and was going over to his house somewhere in the hills for a real old fashioned mob scene.

Neil Zlozower

My next stop was the Whiskey a Go Go, on Sunset Strip. There I met Rodney Bingenheimer, famed West Hollywood Socialite and prominent KROQ Disc Jockey. "Hi Rodney, how's it going?" I asked, as I ordered another beer. Rodney said hello, and it appeared he was doing quite well because he was surrounded by a group of beautiful teenaged admirers who were all just dying to get to know Rodney intimately. "Some guys have all the luck," I mumbled, now beginning to feel the effects of all the alcohol I'd been drinking. I stumbled around the Whiskey for a while trying to impress beautiful girls with my subtle wit, but no one was interested. I didn't see Britt, so I split to the Rainbow right around the corner. All the Hollywood jet setters were hanging out in the parking lot in grand splendor. I never saw so many Jaguars and fancy cars in one place. I stumbled up the walk and heard a subtle snickering run through the crowd. "Damn Sam," I mumbled as I pushed my way through the crowd and entered the Rainbow.'

Inside, every size, shape, and color of Rock and Roll star was busying themselves with trying to find a little companionship for the night. I wandered around among the beautiful people and after three more beers, had the distinct feeling that I didn't belong. Not spotting her, I decided to leave. "New York could never be like this," I thought as I jumped into a cab and headed for the Masque.

The cab dropped me off at an entrance to some dark dingy alley and I threw the driver some money. "Oh boy, just like home," I thought, as I walked down the crevice to the entrance of the club. I paid and went inside and found myself confronted with hundreds of kids dressed in torn clothes and multi - colored hair, jumping up and down to some primitive beat. For a minute I thought I was in Harlem at the Apollo. But when I found out they didn't serve liquor, I knew this could only be L.A. "Sin City," I grumbled. "How can this be Sin City if everyone has to be in bed by two o'clock." My drunken thoughts were interrupted by the sight of my prime objective. The golden haired girl of every real man's dreams. I stumbled over to where she was standing and reached in my pocket to hand her the envelope.

The envelope was gone! I searched every pocket but it was nowhere to be found. I screamed. Some girl in an Anarchy in the U.K. T-shirt with orange and green hair turned around and called me a poseur. I wanted to belt her in the chops, but I quickly realized I was outnumbered. I kept searching for my entrusted envelope, when some guy jumped on stage and started screaming about poseurs. "Gee, they must have poseurs on the brain," I thought to myself. "Probably too much sun." The weirdo on stage started screaming about how it was everyone's duty to tear down the walls of the rock and roll industrial complex. I felt like I had walked into a time tunnel and ended up in 1967.

The guy on stage started screaming about what a phony Rod Stewart was, and how they should get him. Before I knew it, everyone had left the Masque, and was going over to his house somewhere in the hills for a real old fashioned mob scene. I found myself alone in the club with just Britt and two guys. They walked past me and I quickly recognized the two guys to be Steve and Paul of the maybe-now defunct Sex Pistols.

I followed them out thinking I could still find the envelope I was supposed to deliver. Before I could catch up with them, they jumped into a long black shiny limo and sped off into the night. As I stood alone in the parking lot I suddenly realized that everyone out here was quite mad. I hailed a cab and, without stopping to pick up my stuff, I headed for the airport. I just hoped the liquor stores would be open when I arrived in New York.□

SCAGGS' BAG: THE WIZARDRY OF BOZ

by Stephen Demorest

The tunes are so sweet and slippery you can't help but shiver involuntarily once in awhile, as though a spoon of lime sherbet hit a tender tooth.

Jerry Butler was so cool they used to call him "The Ice Man". Boz Scaggs isn't quite that suave, but he is a master of muted passions — call him "The Popsicle Man". The dapper white vocal stylist sold three million copies of *Silk Degrees,* and now he's air - conditioning the charts again with *Down Two Then Left.* The tunes are so sweet and slippery you can't help but shiver involuntarily once in a while, as though a spoon of lime sherbet hit a tender tooth.

Scaggs is a rhythm and blues veteran from Texas who put in a stint with the Steve Miller Band a few generations ago. He's been a solo artist for seven years, though, progressing steadily toward his present mellow, chic soul niche. Jann Wenner produced *Boz Scaggs* at Muscle Shoals, which was followed by *Moments* (sounds like a K-Tel collection, right?), *Boz Scaggs And Band, My Time,* and *Slow Dancer* (finally, a good title). He had a few modest hits along the way, and worked with the Rolling Stones' and Who's producer Glyn Johns, but it wasn't until he teamed with Motown veteran Johnny Bristol on *Slow Dancer* that Scaggs started to click. He'd always listened to The Spinners and James Brown, and he acknowledges a heavy Philadelphia soul influence on his music. (It's no accident that Scaggs and Hall & Oates should rise to prominence in the same era.)

Silk Degrees was the real winner, though. It copped the Grammy Award for the Best R&B song of 1976 ("Lowdown"), and also dished up three other top-notch cuts: "It's Over," "What Can I Say?" and "Lido Shuffle". The lp also got nominations (no cigar) for album of the year, best album package, best pop vocal by a male, and best R&B vocal performance by a male. *Silk Degrees* also snagged a couple of awards from the so-called Rock Awards — you know, the one hosted by that hot 'n nasty rock chick, Brenda Vacarro. (Compared to the Super Bowl trophy, these awards make great hat-racks.)

Last summer, Scaggs toured with a set that looked like a cool California living room. A toffee colored, ultrasuede environment, it embodied the sort of casual but solid low-key taste that might have been designed by Halston and dubbed "Carefree Conservative".

The crooner himself looked like he just got back from a weekend in Catalina in his wheatstraw pants and short - sleeved silk shirt. Refreshing and relaxed. (I figured his Dixie cup contained pina coladas to chill his tonsils in the cool of the West Indies.)

Since then, little has changed. Knowing better than to change producers in mid-millions, Boz retained Joe Wissert from *Silk Degrees* for his latest album. Columbia Records refers to *Down Two Then Left* as a deliberate step forward, but I wouldn't say it's more than a lean. And a good thing too, for the hit for-

(continued on page 57)

THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

by Lisa Robinson

DAVID BOWIE

He sits casually on a hotel suite sofa, wearing rust brown courduroys, a silk shirt, and tan oxford shoes. Yet David Bowie still manages to Make An Entrance.

In America for 12 days (his stay in New York coincided with torrential rains) to promote "Heroes" and reveal what little he will about his upcoming tour, Bowie is tan, healthy, his hair seems a natural light brown, and he laughs a lot.

HP: Are you happy these days?

Bowie: I've never been so happy in my life. I'm having a great time. I get enormous pleasure out of making records if I'm behind them, and not if they're just something I've committed to do. The last two especially ("Heroes" and "Low") I got right indulgent and did exactly what I wanted to do.

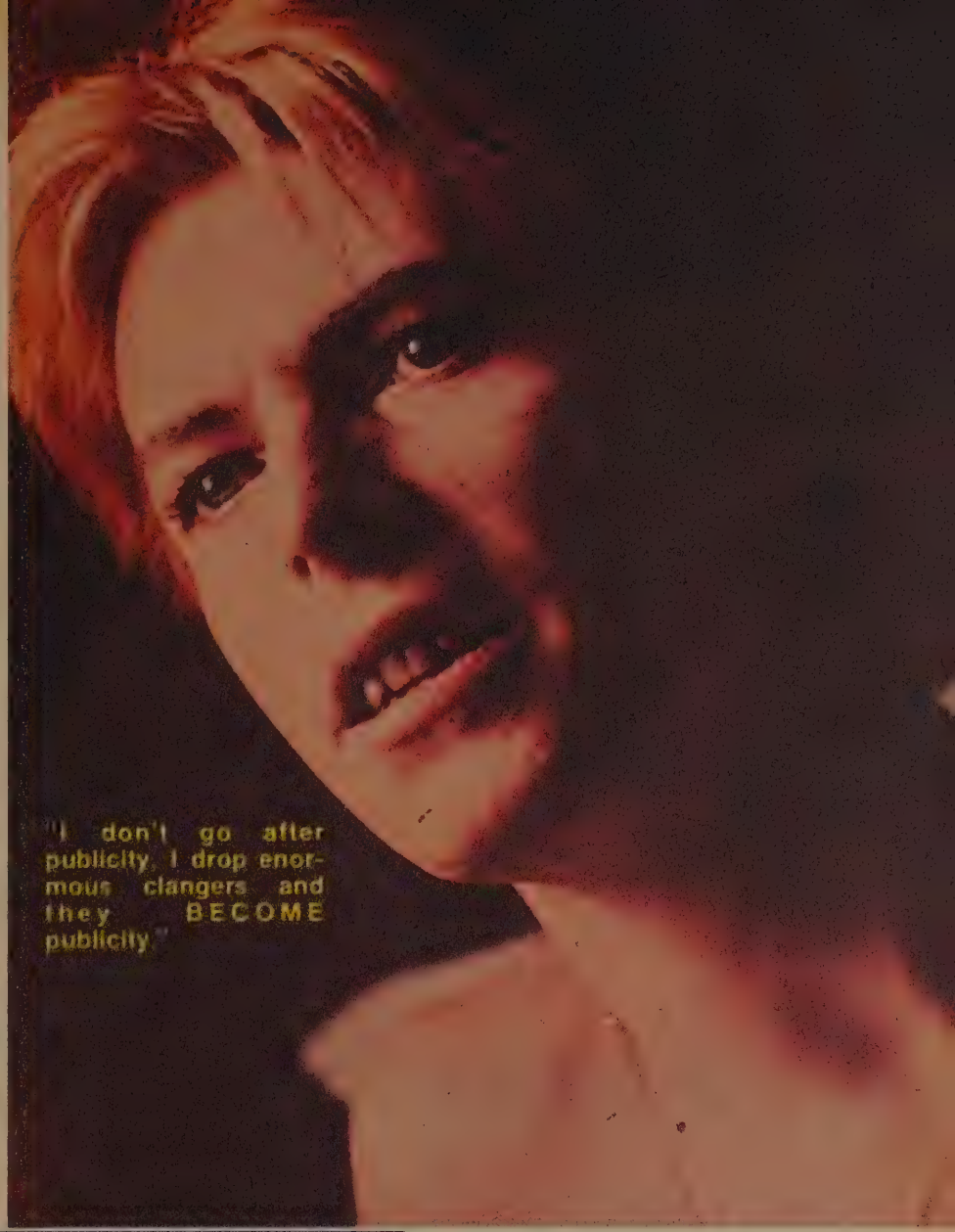
HP: You've got a videocassette machine and tapes here, but I don't see a stereo, or albums, in sight...
Bowie: Rock and roll doesn't interest me in the slightest. I'm much too old for that. *(He's thirty.)* I've come out of kindergarten, I'm in the big bad world of being a human being. I wouldn't even recognize one record if you played it for me. I think the last record I listened to was the Four Seasons.
HP: But you like "Heroes"?
Bowie: I was very unhappy with my writing style by the end of "Station to Station". I thought my work was deteriorating. So I had to sort of shake myself up and try to find new ways of writing. I thought, 'who can help me out and give me some ideas?', and I came up with Brian Eno...

It was one of the best moves I've made in a long time. It sort of revitalized my interest in music. This is the first time I've needed anybody like that in years.

I'm a born eclectic, everything I do includes everything I've ever heard or seen. There's very little original thought there, but it's the combination of what I do that I think is interesting.

Eno and I were like a couple of old women, we had lots to talk about. That was the mutual attraction. We spent fourteen minutes of every hour laughing, 10 to 15 minutes philosophizing — solving every cybernetic problem under the sun — and five minutes actually working. We were in the studio three or four weeks, but if you put all the minutes together, the actual working time was two and a half days.
HP: Why are you touring again this year?
Bowie: I need the money ... and I sort of owe it to people to tour every couple of years.
HP: How do you think this tour will "change your image". What are your plans?
Bowie: Not much change. I suppose it will be black and white and a bit murky. It won't be an extravaganza type thing, alive with visuals and characters, because I didn't write any characters in "Low" or "Heroes". They're straightforward experiments with writing. When I get onstage I'm just David Bowie. The music is roughly in the form of rock and roll because I use the rock and roll chord changes and equipment ... guitars and stuff, but I don't feel I'm a rock and roll artist.
HP: What are you? Actor, musician, painter...
Bowie: I think I paint rather well, but so far I've been afraid to have a show. Actor? Hmm ... a bit. I'm awfully reticent to discuss what I am. I'm a traveler really, have been for some time. *(This year alone David visited Africa - where he spent some time in Kenya with the Masai - Indonesia, Thailand, and Japan.)*

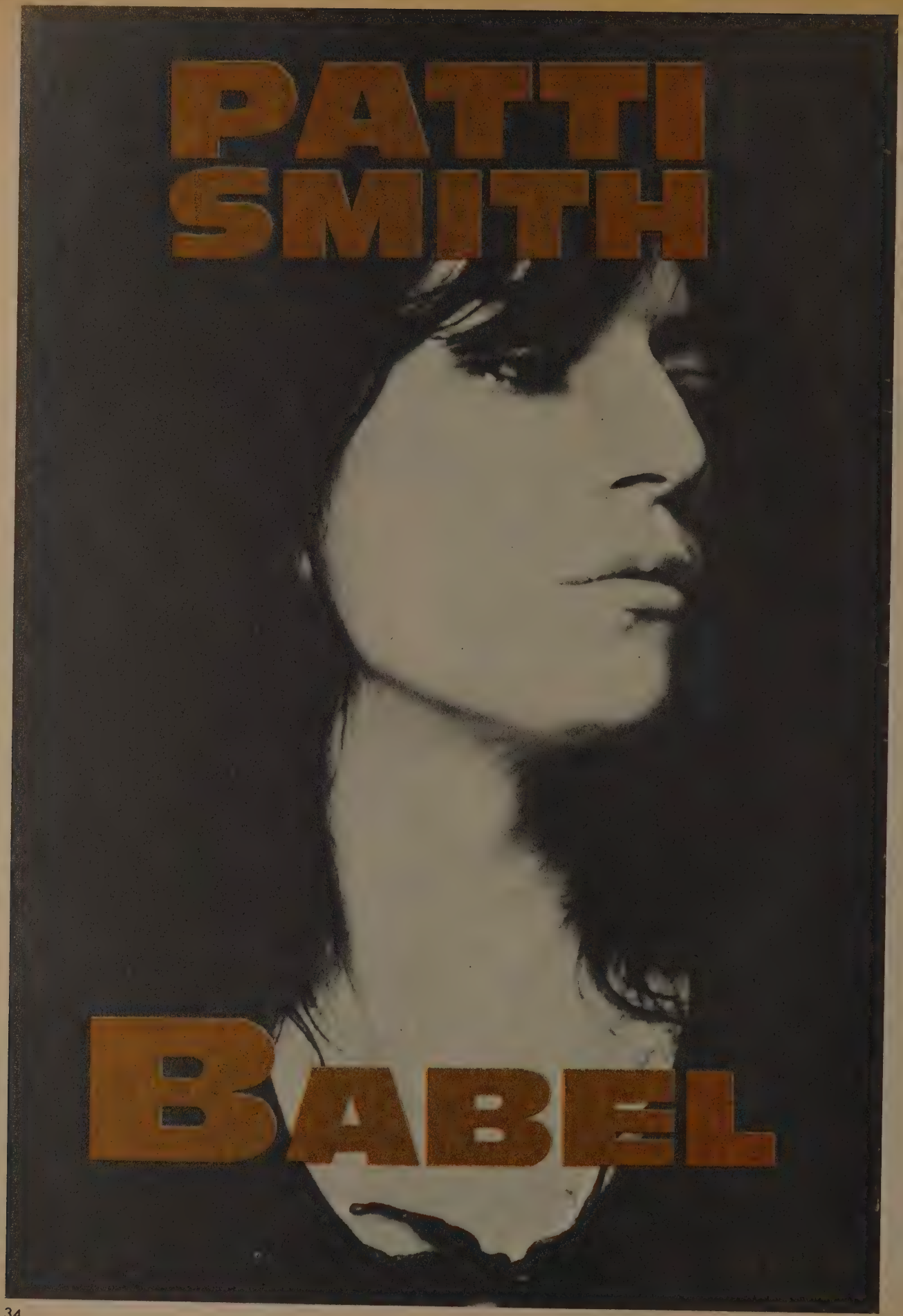
In all seriousness, I think traveling is what I'm supposed to do. I did try to have



Andrew Kent/Mirage

(continued on page 62)

ANARCHY IN THE U.K.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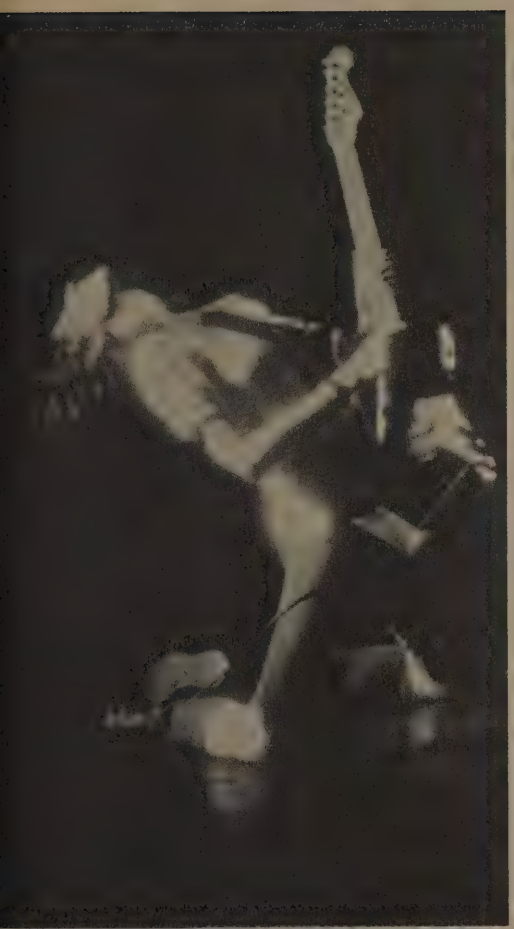
HIGH ON REBELLION



what i feel when i'm playing guitar is completely cold and crazy. like i don't owe nobody nothing and it's a test just to see how far i can relax into the cold wave of a note. when everything hits just right (just and right) the note of nobility can go on forever. i never tire of the solitary E and i trust my guitar and don't care about anything. sometimes i feel like i've broken through and i'm free and could dig into eternity riding the wave and realm of the E. sometimes it's useless. here i am struggling and filled with dread — afraid that i'll never squeeze enough graphite from my damaged cranium to inspire or asphyxiate any eyes grazing like hungry cows across the stage or page. inside i'm just crazy. inside i must continue. i see her, my stiff muse, jutting about in the forest like a broken speeding statue. the colonial year is dead and the greeks too are finished. the face of alexander remains not solely due to sculptor but through the power and magnetism and foresight of alexander.

the artist preserves himself. maintains his swagger. is intoxicated by ritual as well as result. look at me i'm laughing. i am lapping cocaine from the hard brown palm of the bouncer. i trust my guitar.

therefore we blackout together. therefore i would wade thru scum for him and scum is ahead but we just laugh. ascending through the hollow mountain i am peeking. we are kneeling we are laughing we are radiating at last. this rebellion is a gas which we pass.

Excerpted from "Babel" ©copyright 1977 Patti Smith

"the artist preserves himself. maintains his swagger. is intoxicated by ritual as well as a result."

MEATLOAF

Serious Tongue-In-Cheek What We Do Is Really Primal

by Lisa Robinson

Roz Levin

Roz Levin

Meatloaf is not your ordinary rock star.

From a Texas family of Southern gospel singers, he was lead singer on Ted Nugent's lp, *Free For All.* He portrayed Eddie — a slick '50s defect — in the "Rocky Horror Picture Show," and, with his current songwriter / collaborator Jim Steinman, was involved with the National Lampoon Show.

He also has shoulder - length blond hair, weighs well over 200 pounds, and performs in a tuxedo.

And he will not reveal his real name.

"I refuse to disclose my real name," he said. "I got the nickname 'Meatloaf' in Texas, playing football, and it just stuck. Eventually it became so common to me that I called myself that. I joined unions and things with that name, and while some legal documents are under my real name, many are under 'Meatloaf'..."

"Do you want to know how I got my name?" asked Jim Steinman. "People just started calling me that..."

Meatloaf — the name of the band as well as the star — is currently on tour to coincide with the release of their lp, *Bat Out of Hell.* And if the wildly enthusiastic response at NY's Bottom Line was any indication, they will be noticed.

"What we do doesn't really fit into most of the music that's happening right now," says Steinman (who, in addition to writing the songs, plays keyboards during the show). "It's not homogenized pop like Fleetwood Mac or Peter Frampton, and it's not posed or conceptual, like punk rock. It's really primal, and it has a strong energy.

"My songs are real romantic. I think they're probably excessive ... excessively romantic ... but not embarrassing. It can't be embarrassing to be romantic."

"We're real theatrical," adds Meatloaf, "but actually, theatrical and dramatic are two different things. There are theatrics like smoke bombs or putting a snake around your neck. Then you have drama — coming from the stage.

"When I sing Jim's songs, each song has a different character. It's a thing that happens, but it is kind of like acting. I think about who this character is, where he's coming from, why is he singing this. You go through that, and that's dramatic.

Aaron/Gershoff

"I'm not saying that rock and roll bands all use cheap theatrics," he continues, "but some do. And in that sense we're different. We deal more dramatic than theatrical, if you can understand that ... if I understand it..."

How much of what they do is serious and how much is tongue - in - cheek?

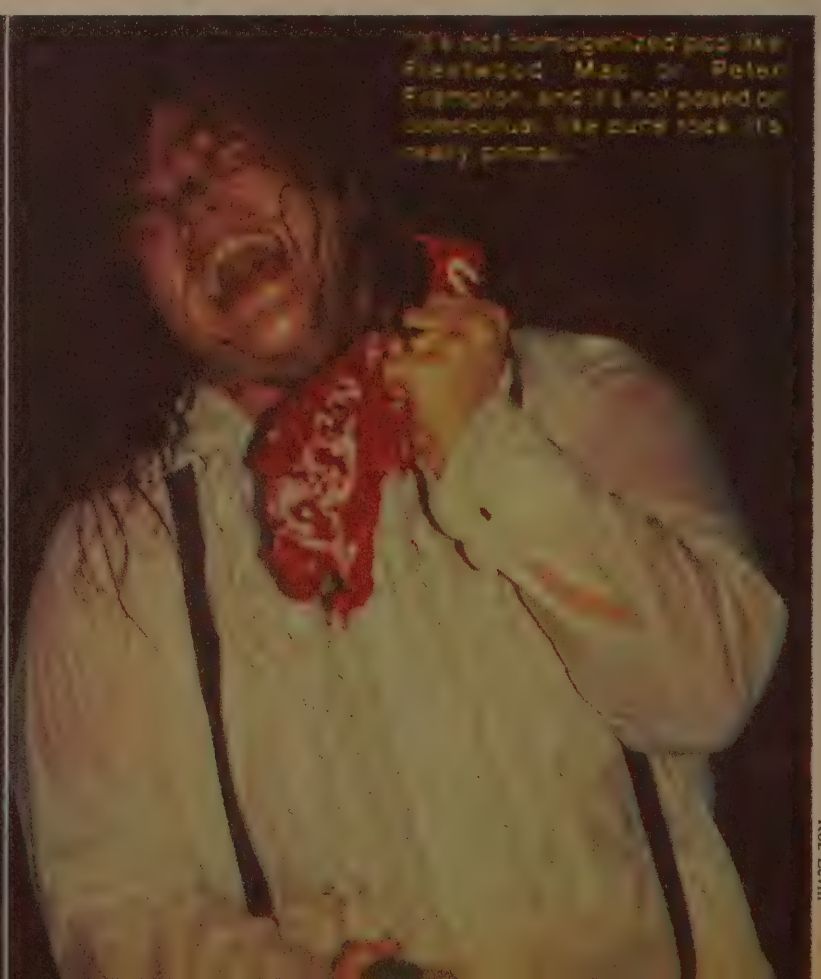
"Oh, I think that we're both," Jim says.

"Serious tongue - in - cheek," adds Meatloaf.

"Something that is so intense and serious and passionate as our music has to be, by definition, tongue - in - cheek," says Jim. "It goes so far to an extreme that it has to be able to go back on itself and be a little bit funny."

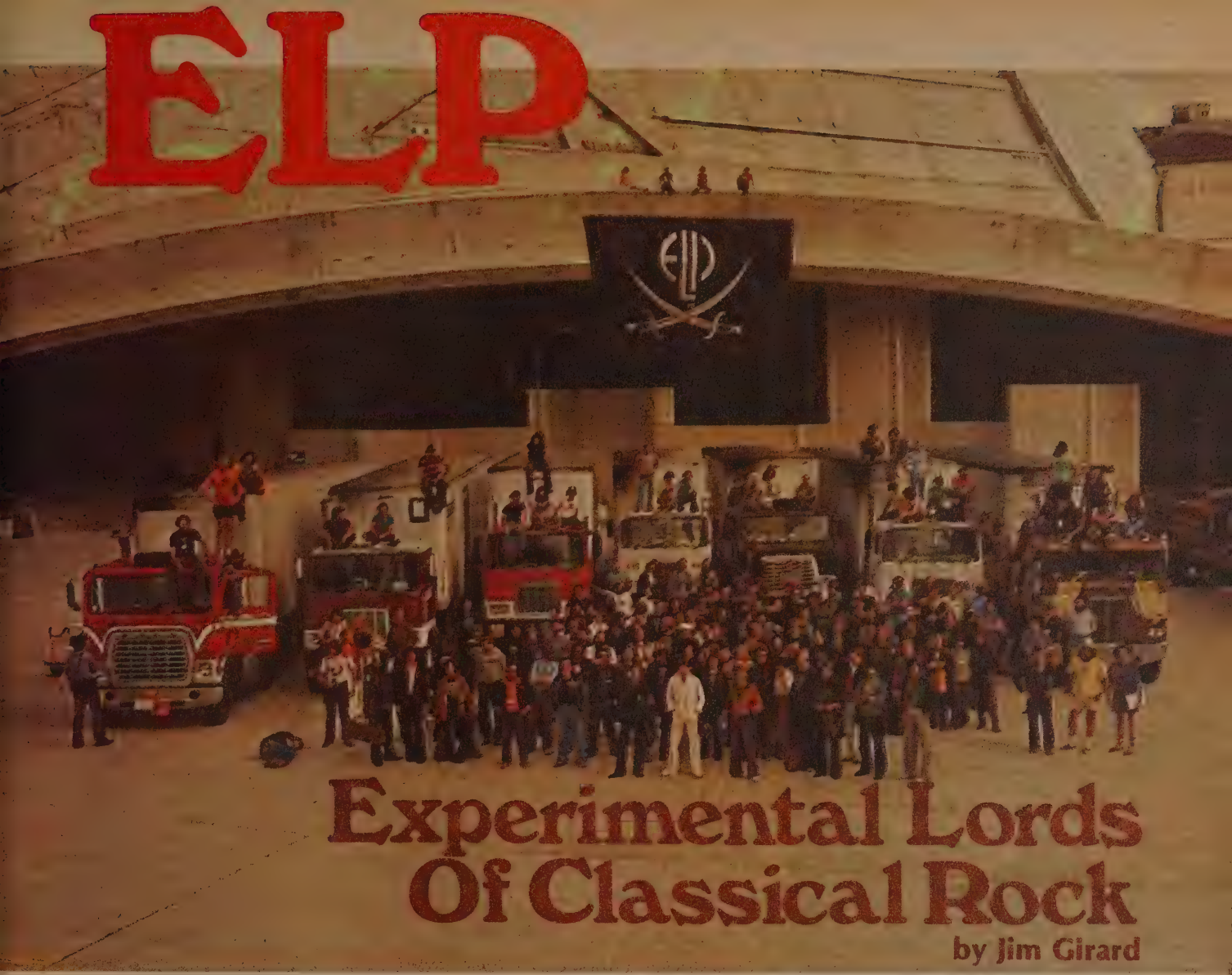
Has it taken them a long time to get the act together?

"Oh," says Jim, "we've been up since eight o'clock this morning..."□



Roz Levin

ELP



Experimental Lords Of Classical Rock

by Jim Girard

"...Not only was the orchestra a lot of trouble, it was just impossible to manage. Playing by ourselves there's a comfort that was missing with the orchestra. Now we are just what we were and we're happier."

Emerson, Lake & Palmer: a trio of three British men who make music enough for an entire orchestra. They're rockers, but theatrical in their presentation and classical in their approach. They once appealed to rock's higher intelligentsia, but now find themselves playing to fourteen year olds — and they haven't changed their music.

Emerson, Lake & Palmer: Consisting of Keith Emerson (keyboards), Greg Lake (bass and vocals) and drummer Carl Palmer. They've been together since 1969. Like most bands that began in the late sixties, Emerson, Lake & Palmer formed because they were all in professional bands that had broken up. They were one of many superstar aggregations (such as Blind Faith, Crosby, Stills & Nash and the like) trying to make good on a new vehicle.

Keith Emerson: The first time I ever saw Keith Emerson ... he was lying flat on his back with his organ on top of him. His feet were sticking out of the front as I walked into the concert hall. So, as they say about first impressions; they're lasting. The next time I saw Keith Emerson he was playing upright and I then realized that he wasn't just another British guy trying to do a Pete Townshend on his keyboards. In fact, by the time I saw Emerson, Lake & Palmer on their second U.S. tour, they were already getting a huge concert following. Emerson, the lanky ex-Nice keyboardsman from Lancashire, was the focal point of the band onstage.

Greg Lake: He was the "front man" of the group in the sense that he was the only member of the trio who stood in front of a mike and sang. His guitar and bass playing was great. When he was singing "Lucky Man" onstage, there'd be an audible sigh from ladies in the audience.

A founding member of King Crimson (the defunct legendary band that Robert Fripp carried for years), Greg Lake produces ELP's albums as well.

Carl Palmer: Not just your average drummer by any means. His previous musical interests included playing on "I Am The God Of Hell Fire" with The Crazy World of Arthur Brown (where he lasted almost two years) and Atomic Rooster — still another experimental band in the late sixties.

Today, Carl Palmer finds himself spokesman for the group a lot of times and when he's not doing that he's in training for his recording and stage duties. By that I mean he rehearses constantly and keeps in shape physically — he's preoccupied with endurance and stamina (much the way a long-distance runner would be).

In all, ELP make for a strange and interesting threesome.

***

Unlike many of their peers who formed superstar bands, Emerson, Lake & Palmer have maintained. They're still around, although it's been only in the last year that they've re-emerged as a unit. During 1975 and '76 the three laid-back and rested on their laurels (which included a half-dozen gold albums).

In coming to terms with their image and their growth as a unit, they decided to expand their base musically and broaden their interests as well. Hence, *WORKS, Vol. 1* was recorded and released last March. While recording *WORKS,* enough material was laid down for two releases. In *WORKS, Vol. 1,* each member had one side of the double disc release and the fourth side was a group effort. If critics had one singular complaint about that release it was that *WORKS* was too much of too little. That point can (and has been) argued. However, the fact remains that there is very little group effort on Volume One of *WORKS.*

Coming back after a sabbatical of nearly three years, ELP found that the reception upon their return was less than ecstatic...

Richard E. Aaron

Recently, Emerson, Lake & Palmer released *WORKS, Volume Two.* This is more like it. There's twelve tracks on one single disc and each song marks their return to a more conventional presentation of their music.

WORKS, Volume Two is an amazing collection of good songs. I suppose that after such a lengthy hiatus from recording and performing there was a lot of pent-up creativity that they wanted to spew forth on their fans. However, after listening to Volume Two, I wonder if this album wouldn't have been a more welcomed reintroduction to the band. Of course, that's academic since Volume One came out first and still got generally favorable treatment and airplay (since a specially edited version of Volume One was released to radio stations. It was a single disc.)

***

When Emerson, Lake & Palmer returned to the concert stage last spring, they were in for a number of surprises. In order to get a current look at their status in the rock world, we should examine just what went down during their marathon return to the stage.

First, coming back after a sabbatical of nearly three years, ELP found that the reception upon their return was less than ecstatic in nature. Sure, they still had a following, but in their absence, other performers and rock bands (lesser in talent, but heavier in determination) had replaced them. All this meant is that the trio would have to *work* to make *WORKS* a major success. They did.

(If you'll recall Richard Robinson's piece on the band and their last entourage, which included an orchestra and a total of 115 employees — in the November 1977 issue of *Hit Parader* — you'd have to read an amazing account of extravagance and precision. The details and planning that went into *WORKS* going on the road was overwhelming.)

However, by the time ELP had been on the road a few weeks, they discovered that tickets weren't selling out at the large venues that had been booked. Now to a normal group touring for the first time in a few years this disappointment would come as a mild surprise and cause little alarm. But when there's 115 or more people on your payroll; that's a travelling town! Needless to say that some drastic changes were in order.

The first thing ELP did was drop the entire orchestra. Along with that, the excess road crew and technicians were eliminated. They scaled their operation down to skeleton form; now they were ready to battle in an uphill struggle to regain their rightful place as experimental lords of classical rock.

The music performed on tour took a turn for the better as well. They concentrated less on classical pieces where the orchestra would embellish things and just scaled down the material to familiar things they'd become known for and major works from *WORKS.*

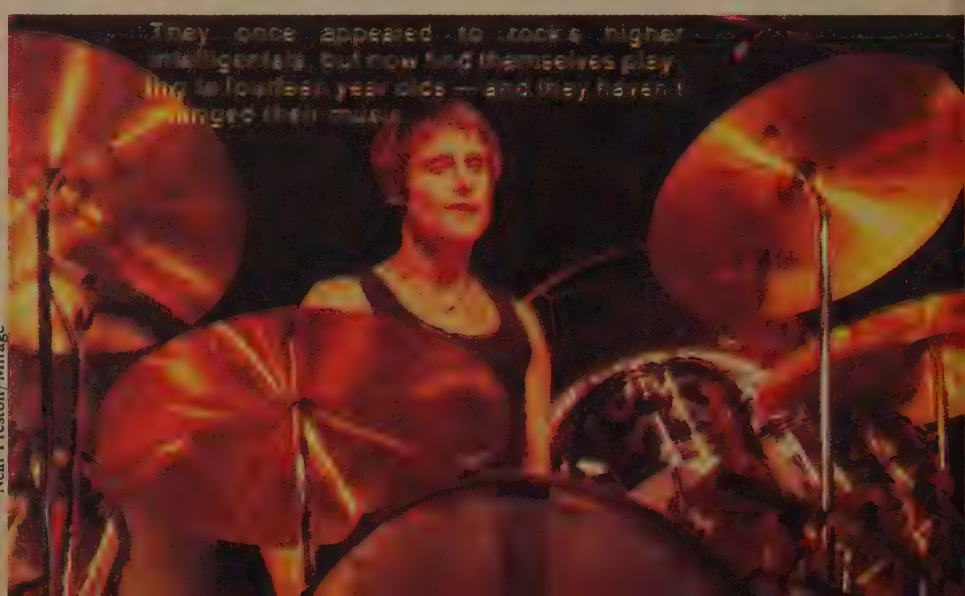
As a result of ELP's smaller scale return to the stage, *WORKS* began selling and the trio had become a performing entity again. Judging from fan mail and popular opinion, people were more comfortable with just having new material (and not a whole orchestra) to welcome back their heroes. Needless to say, ELP also saved themselves from backruptcy by trimming expenses before it was too late. According to Carl Palmer: "When I tell you that we sacrificed everything we own and everything we are worth for this tour, I'm not kidding. Not only was the orchestra a lot of trouble, it was just impossible to manage. Playing by ourselves there's a comfort that was missing with the orchestra. Now we are just what we were and we're happier."

Richard E. Aaron

They were ready to battle in an uphill struggle to regain their rightful place as experimental lords of classical rock.

So, that's the story about how ELP went from riches to almost rags again.

Now that the band is touring again, *WORKS, Volume Two* is a gold album — as are their previous seven lp's — and all is well in ELP land. The three musicians are working hard and doing interviews, visiting radio stations and going through their paces. But the result of their labors is that they are, once again, Britian's premiere rock band. □



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(What A) WONDERFUL WORLD

(As recorded by Art Garfunkel with James Taylor & Paul Simon)

SAM COOKE
HERB ALPERT
LOU ADLER

Don't know much about history
Don't know much about biology
Don't know much about science books
Don't know much about the French I took
But I do know that I love you
And I know that if you love me too
What a wonderful world this would be.

Don't know much about geography
Don't know much trigonometry
Don't know much about algebra
Don't know what a slide rule is for
But I know that one and one is two
And if this one could be with you
What a wonderful world this would be.

Now I don't claim to be an "A" student
But I'm trying to be
Maybe by being an "A" student baby
I can win your love for me.

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THE WAY YOU DO THE THINGS YOU DO

(As recorded by Rita Coolidge)

WILLIAM ROBINSON
ROBERT ROGERS

You got a smile so bright
You know you could've been a candle
I'm holding you so tight
You know you could've been a handle
The way you swept me off my feet
You know you could've been a broom
The way you smell so sweet
You know you could've been some perfume
Well you could've been anything that you wanted to
And I can tell
The way you do the things you do ah baby.

As pretty as you are
You know you could've been a flower
If good looks caused a minute
You know that you could be an hour
The way you stole my heart
You know you could've been a cool crook
And baby you're so smart
You know you could've been a school book
Well you could've been anything that you wanted to
And I can tell
The way you do the things you do ah baby yeah.

You made my life so rich
You know you could have been some money
And baby you're so sweet
You know you could have been some honey
Well you could've been anything that you wanted to
And I can tell
The way you do the things you do.

You really swept me off my feet
You made my life complete
You made my life so bright
You made me feel alright.

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SO LONG

(As recorded by Firefall)

RICK ROBERTS

Never mind the reason
You may never know
Blame it on the seasons
They come and go
Blame it on the weather or something in the wind
Blame it on whatever it might have been.

You can say you know what happened
You can say that I was wrong
You can say most anything you want to
You can say I'll just say so long
So long, so long.

Say it doesn't matter
Say it's all for fun
Never mind the laughter that doesn't come
Tell yourself you hate me
Tell us all your side
Tell your friends I'm crazy
If it'll save your pride.
(Repeat chorus)

Call it fact or fiction
Blame it all on me
Speak of your conviction in destiny
Say it's not important
You can swear it's all a game
Call it fame or fortune
But it's all the same.
(Repeat chorus)

I'll just say so long
I been wrong before
It doesn't really matter oh
You can say you know what happened.

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STREET CORNER SERENADE

(As recorded by Wet Willie)

JIMMY HALL
MIKE DUKE
MARSHALL SMITH

Down on the corner in my home town
Me and the fellows used to gather 'round
The song we sang it sound so sweet
I can still hear that harmony
Singin' de de de de deet
Who, whoa oh, ah ah.

Guido he's the one that sang down low
Crazy Larry sang the baritone
I'm the one that sang the lead
Little Jackie made our song complete
Singin' de de de de deet
Who, whoa oh, ah ah.

When a pretty girl would come passing by
We tried to hard to catch her eye
And when she stopped to check us out
That's when we really sang out loud
Goin' de de de de deet
Who, whoa oh, ah ah.

I still remember those happy days
We passed our time in carefree ways
Maybe someday we'll get together again
Down on the corner with my old friends
Singin' de de de de deet
Who, whoa oh, ah ah.

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CURIOUS MIND (Um, Um, Um, Um, Um, Um)

(As recorded by Johnny Rivers)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

Walkin' through the park
It wasn't quite dark
There was a man sittin' on a bench
Out of the crowd, with his head lowly bowed
He'd just moan and it made no sense
He'd just go um, um, um, um, um, um
Um, um, um, um, um, um.

I just couldn't help myself
Guess I was born with a curious mind
I asked this man just what did he mean
When he moaned, if he'd be so kind
And he'd just go um, um, um, um, um, um, um
Um, um, um, um, um, um.

Now that I've grown up
And the woman I love, she has gone
Now that I'm a man, I think I understand
Sometime ev'ryone will sing-a this song
Listen to them singin'
Um, um, um, um, um, um
Um, um, um, um, um, um.

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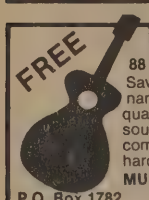

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SHOUT IT OUT LOUD

(As recorded by Kiss)

GENE SIMMONS
PAUL STANLEY
BOB EZRIN

Well the night's begun and you want some fun
Do you think you're gonna find it
You got to treat yourself like number one
Do you need to be reminded
It doesn't matter what you do or say
Just forget the things that you've been too
We can't do it any other way
Ev'rybody's got to rock 'n' roll yay.

Shout it, shout it, shout it out loud
Shout it, shout it, shout it out loud.

If you don't feel good ev'ry way you could
Don't sit there broken hearted
Call all your friends in the neighborhood
And get the party started
Don't let them tell you that there's too much noise
They're too old to really understand
You'll still get rowdy with the girls and boys
'Cause it's time for you to take a stand yay.

Shout it, shout it, shout it out loud
Shout it, shout it, shout it out loud.

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SWEET, SWEET SMILE

(As recorded by The Carpenters)

JUICE NEWTON
OTHA YOUNG

You're always in my heart
From early in the mornin' 'til it's dark
I gotta see your sweet, sweet smile ev'ry day.

When I wake up in the mornin' and I see you there
I always whisper a little pray'r
I gotta see your sweet, sweet smile ev'ry day.

I gotta know that you love me
And that you want me
And that you'll always be there
I've gotta know that you care

And I gotta feel your arms around me
And that you need me
And that you'll always be there
I've gotta know that you care.

If my times are bringing me down
You're the only one that I want around
I gotta see your sweet, sweet smile ev'ry day.

And if I'm all strung out
You're the only one who can straighten me out
I gotta see your sweet, sweet smile ev'ry day.

I gotta see your sweet, sweet smile every day
I gotta see your sweet, sweet smile ev'ry day.

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LET IT GO, LET IT FLOW

(As recorded by Dave Mason)

DAVE MASON

When I'm alone I sometimes get to thinkin'
How it's gonna be when we're gone
Are we movin' closer together
Or is it gonna take forever and ever.

Let it go (let it go)
Let it flow like a river
Let it go
Let it flow thru you
Let it go
Let it flow like a river
Let it go
Let it flow thru you.

Searchin' everywhere just tryin' to find the reason
For misunderstanding and doubt
Don't wanna preach it
Push it or teach it
Just take a good look all around.
(Repeat chorus)

Walls are gonna fall and earth angel's gonna call on you
To help you on your way
Time spent together like hours forever
(Like hours forever)
So don't ever let love slip away.
(Repeat chorus)

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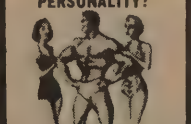

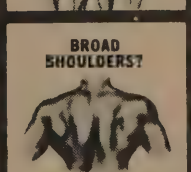

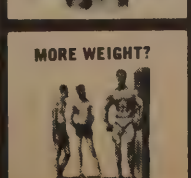

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THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
THERE'S THAT BIG STIFF AGAIN, SHOWING OFF IN FRONT OF GRACE AND THE CROWD. WELL IT'S MY TURN ... THIS TIME!
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DUST IN THE WIND

(As recorded by Kansas)

KERRY LIVGREN

I close my eyes
Only for a moment and the moment's gone
All my dreams
Pass before my eyes a curiosity.

Dust in the wind
All they are is dust in the wind.

Same old song
Just a drop of water in an endless sea
All we do
Crumbles to the ground though we refuse to see.

Dust in the wind
All we are is dust in the wind.

Don't hang on
Nothing lasts forever but the earth and sky
It slips away
And all your money won't another minute buy.

Dust in the wind
All we are is dust in the wind
Dust in the wind
Everything is dust in the wind.

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TOUCH AND GONE

(As recorded by Gary Wright)

RICHARD REICHEG
GARY WRIGHT

Love was always such an illusion
It brought me so much mis'ry and pain
I was living in a state of confusion
You know it almost drove me insane
I don't know how I kept hangin' on.

Love was always touch and go
Now it's touch and gone.

One day love had me flyin'
The next day I was down on my knees
Till the day that I saw you smilin'
When you put my poor heart at its ease
I never knew what was goin' on.

Love was always touch and go
Now it's touch and gone
Touch and gone
Touch and gone
Yea you touch me and the feelin' keeps on comin' on.

You touch me and I feel the fever
You touch me and I lose control
Yea you touch me and I'm a believer
Love has touched me in my very soul
Now I know that love can live on
Yeah now I know that love can live on.

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PLAYING YOUR GAME, BABY

(As recorded by Barry White)

AUSTIN JOHNSON
SMEAD HUDMAN

Your touch of love
But don't you know
You get high no no baby
When you give it up
It's only enough to get me by
You're playin' a game
It's so plain
You want me to win
I'm willin' to play
Whatever you say
If love is the end.

Playin' your game, baby
Your game baby
Just you and me
Playin' your game, baby
Your game baby
Nobody but you and me.

You start you stop
You know what you got
Is what I need
Oh yes indeed
When you give it up
It's only enough to make me sing oo-ee
That you're playin' game
It's so plain
You want me to win
Girl I'll play whatever you say
If love is the end.

Playin' your game, baby
Your game baby
Just you and me
Playin' your game, baby
Nobody but you and me.

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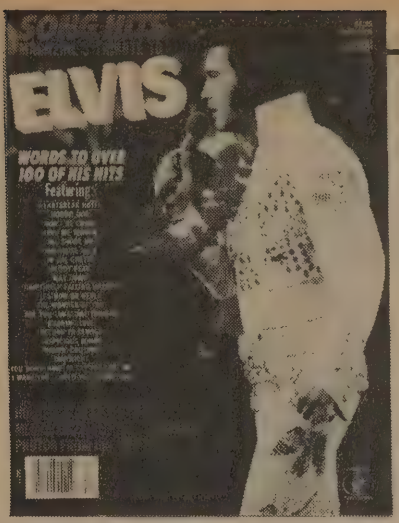

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Are You Sincere

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Blue Moon Over Kentucky
Blue Suede Shoes
Bossa Nova Baby
Burning Love

Can't Help Falling In Love
Crying In The Chapel

Do You Know Who I Am
Doncha' Think It's Time
Don't
Don't Ask Me Why
Don't Be Cruel (To A Heart That's True)
Don't Cry Daddy

Easy Come, Easy Go
Fairytale
Flaming Star
Follow That Dream
Frankie And Johnnie

G.I. Blues
Gentle On My Mind
Good Luck Charm
Good Rockin' Tonight
Green Green Grass Of Home

Hard Headed Woman
Hawaiian Wedding Song, The
Heartbreak Hotel
Hound Dog
How Do You Think I Feel
How's The World Treating You

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I Can't Stop Loving You
I Don't Care If The Sun Don't Shine
I Got Stung
I Just Can't Help Believin'
I Love You Because
I Want You, I Need You, I Love You
I Was The One
I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry
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It's Over

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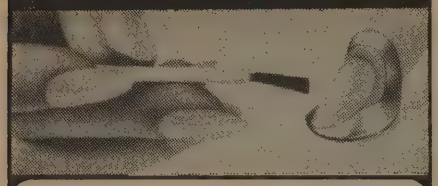

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EBONY EYES

(As recorded by Bob Welch)

BOB WELCH

Well have you seen that girl in the corner
I'd like to take her out of her chains
'Cause if I have my way with you baby
I would be changing your life today.

Your eyes got me dreamin'
Your eyes got me blind
Your eyes got me hopin'
That I'll be holding you close tonight
Your eyes got me dreamin'
Your eyes got me blind
Your eyes got me hopin'
That I'll be holding you close tonight.

She was the same as a hundred ladies
But when my eyes looked at her I learned
That she was keepin' a secret fire
And if I got real close I'd burn
So it looked like I had to move slowly
Like a cat at night in the trees
'Cause I was waiting for her to show me
The way that she liked her love to feel.

Your eyes got me dreamin'
Your eyes got me blind
Your eyes got me hopin'
That I'll be holding you close tonight
Your eyes got me dreamin'
Your eyes got me blind
Your eyes got me hopin'
That I'll be holding you close tonight.

Ebony eyes, ebony eyes
Ebony eyes, ebony eyes.

Your eyes got me dreamin'
Your eyes got me blind
Your eyes got me hopin'
That I'll be holding you close tonight
Your eyes got me dreamin'
Your eyes got me blind
Your eyes got me hopin'
That I'll be holding you close tonight.

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IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU

(As recorded by Yvonne Elliman)

BARRY GIBB
MAURICE GIBB
ROBIN GIBB

Don't know why I'm surviving ev'ry lonely day
When there's got to be no chance for me
My life would end
And it doesn't matter how I cry
My tears of love are a waste of time
If I turn away am I strong enough to see it through
Go crazy is what I will do.

If I can't have you
I don't want nobody baby
If I can't have you ah ah
If I can't have you
I don't want nobody baby
If I can't have you ah ah.

Can't let go and it doesn't matter how I try
I gave it all so easily to you my love
To dreams that never will come true
Am I strong enough to see it through
Go crazy is what I will do.

If I can't have you
I don't want nobody baby
If I can't have you ah ah
If I can't have you
I don't want nobody baby
If I can't have you ah ah.

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SILVER DREAMS

(As recorded by Babys)

JOHN WAITE
ANTHONY BROCK

For the last year I've been searching
I needed someone to believe
I'm a gambler with my fortune
Trying to keep you up my sleeve.

When I'm away
I fill my heart with dreams of you
I lose myself
But keep my silver dreams of you
Are you crying
Are you lonely
Are your tears for me
When I come home and I touch you
What will our eyes see?

For the next year I'll be trav'lling roads
That take you far from me
Time can take love, time can fade love
I hope that you remember.

When I'm away
I fill my heart with dreams of you
I lose myself
But keep my silver dreams of you
I lose myself dreaming silver dreams
I lose myself dreaming silver dreams
Silver dreams, silver dreams oh.

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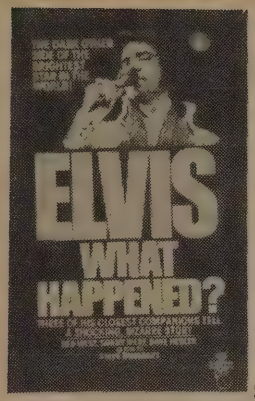
ELVIS PRESLEY



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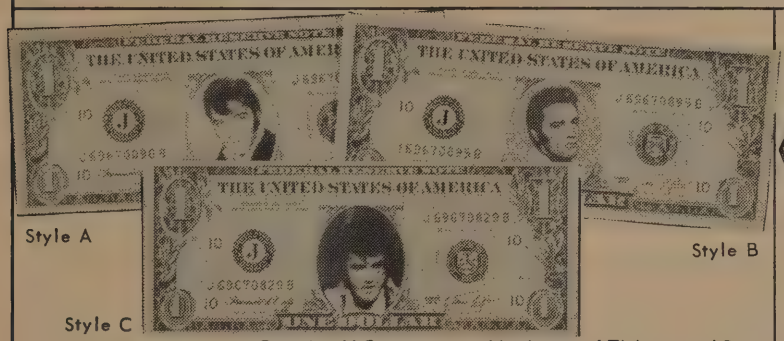

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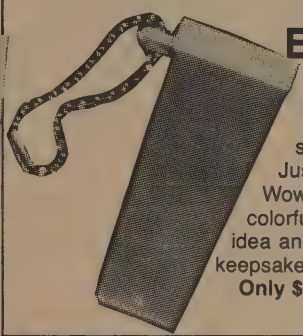

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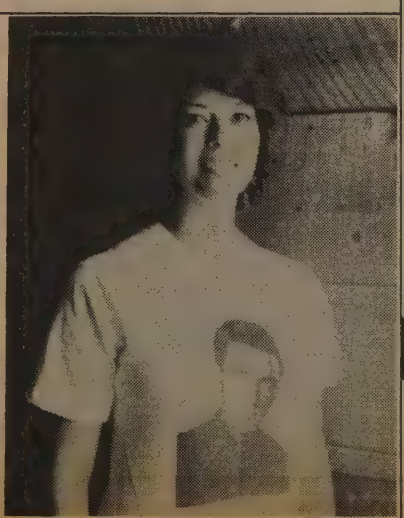

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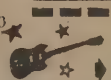

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EVERYBODY LOVES A RAIN SONG

(As recorded by B.J. Thomas)

MARK JAMES
CHIPS MOMAN

I heard about it raining on a Georgia night
I never saw clearly in the morning light
I was walking, just walking in the rain
She was a rainy day woman
She made me love her
Took my soul and I soon discovered
I was searching, searching for rainbows
Ev'rybody loves a rain song
'Cause ev'rybody's been rained on
It's like a shoulder you can lean on
One time or another in stormy weather
Ev'rybody loves a rainbow
From San Francisco to Chicago
No matter where I go
It's still raining in my heart
So play me a song just how I'm feeling
'Cause it's the only thing that keeps you warm
When your memories get too cloudy to see
So rain me back home.

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NIGHT FEVER

(As recorded by Bee Gees)

BARRY GIBB
MAURICE GIBB
ROBIN GIBB

Listen to the ground there is movement all around
Got something goin' down and I can feel it
On the waves of the air there is dancin' out there
If it's somethin' we can't share we can steal it.
And that sweet city woman
She moves thru the light
Controlling my mind and my soul
When you reach for me, baby, and the feeling is bright
Then I get night fever, night fever
We know how to do it
Gimme that night fever, night fever
We know how to show it.
Here I am prayin' for this moment to last
Livin' on the music so fine
Born on the wind makin' it mine
Gimme that night fever, night fever
We know how to do it
Gimme that night fever, night fever
We know how to show it.
Night fever, night fever
We know how to do it
Gimme that night fever, night fever
We know how to show it.

In the heat of our love don't need no help for us to make it
Gimme just enough to take us to the mornin'
I got fire in my mind
I got higher in my walkin'
And I'm glowin' in the dark I give you warnin'.
(Repeat chorus)

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CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

CHRIS ARNOLD
DAVID MARTIN
GEOFF MORROW

You know I can't smile without you
I can't smile without you
I can't laugh and I can't sing
I'm finding it hard to do anything
You see I feel sad when you're sad
I feel glad when you're glad
If you only knew what I'm going through
I just can't smile without you.
You came along just like a song
And brightened my day
Who'd believe that you are part of a dream
Now it all seems light years away.
And now you know I can't smile without you
I can't smile without you
I can't laugh and I can't sing
I'm finding it hard to do anything
You see I feel sad when you're sad
I feel glad when you're glad
If you only knew what I'm going through
I just can't smile.
Now some people say happiness takes so very long to find
Well I'm finding it hard leaving your love behind.
Can't you see I can't smile without you
I can't smile without you
I can't laugh and I can't sing
I'm finding it hard to do anything
You see I feel glad when you're glad
I feel sad when you're sad
If you only knew what I'm going through
I just can't smile without you.

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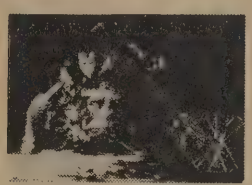

GENE
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T-SHIRT BARN, DEPT. H3, SLATE HILL, N.Y. 10973

WHAT YOU GONNA DO AFTER THE PARTY

(As recorded by Willie Hutch)

WILLIE HUTCH

Now I been sittin' over there
Across the room watchin' you yeah
Tryin' to convince myself
That you might show at me a little attention
And you know what
All of a sudden I heard somebody say
Last call for alcohol
And I knew it was my last chance
So I came over here to ask you sweet lady
May I have this last dance
But you see (yeah) when I look into those beautiful eyes
I can't help it if I can sympathize
I want to know what you're gonna do girl
What you're gonna do
What you're gonna do baby.

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TOO HOT TA TROT

(As recorded by Commodores)

LIONEL RICHIE, JR.
RONALD LaPREAD
WALTER ORANGE
MILAN WILLIAMS
THOMAS McCLARY
WILLIAM KING

Well you're too hot ta trot now baby
Well you're too hot to stop whoo baby
Well you're too hot ta trot now baby
Well you're too hot to stop whoo baby.
The things that you do
The things that you say
That you love me baby
In the strangest way
What you're doin' to me girl
Is knockin' me down
I can see right now
That you're the best thing around.
Sweet pretty woman
I just want you to know that I love you
Oh I love you, love you baby
My head is spinnin'
With what you're doin' to me
Girl I want you, girl I love you.
Ooh I love what you're doin' to me sweet thing
Oh I love you little sweet thing
Well you're too hot ta trot now baby
Well you're too hot to stop whoo baby
Well you're too hot ta trot now baby
Well you're too hot to stop whoo baby.
It's too hot ta trot baby
Yeah babe
Too hot ta trot baby
Yeah come on, come on, come on, come on, come on.
Too hot ta trot now baby
Well you're too hot to stop sweet thing
Well you're too hot ta trot now baby
Well you're too hot to stop
Too hot ta trot baby
Too hot to stop sweet thing, sweet thing
Too hot ta trot baby
Too hot to stop sweet thing
Too hot ta trot baby
Too hot to stop.

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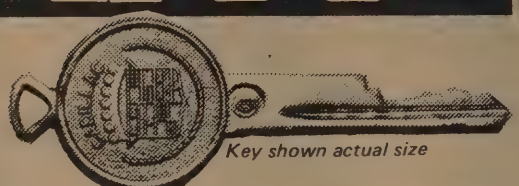

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A story based on personal memories of Memphis, Tennesee, residents:

Elvis' first brand new Cadillac! Certainly the first he would have customized just for him. It sat new and shining in the sleek showroom of Southern Motors, the Memphis Cadillac dealer. Its beauty caught the eye and the fancy of the promising up-and-coming 21 year old singer. His career was just beginning its rise, just beginning to make his childhood dreams come true. What better way to feel like a Star?

Upon entering the showroom, Elvis asked a salesman if he could take the shining convertible out for a test drive. The salesman, looking down his nose at the sideburns, the tight jeans and the heavy, hooded dark eyes, looked pained as he refused Elvis' simple request. Bluntly, he asked Elvis to leave the showroom.

Instead of leaving, Elvis wandered around the building, coming upon a youg boy who was washing down cars with a hose. Elvis asked him how much money he was making washing cars. The boy answered: "Thirty dollars a week." Elvis promptly took him by the hand, walked back out into the showroom and asked to be taken to the Manager's office. Once inside the office, Elvis made a simple, direct statement: "I want the El Dorado convertible. I'm gonna' take it with me now, and I'm gonna' pay you cash money right now for it. But this young man", he said, pointing to the young car washer, "he gets the commission on the sale!"

Elvis drove off in his Cadillac. He would own many fine, fancy cars in the years to come. As his fame and fortune grew, he would have chauffeurs, friends and bodyguards drive for him. . . but his fantastic career was just beginning. . . and this was the car he drove himself as he made the steady climb towards stardom. As his income increased, he seemed to lavish a good part of it on his favorite car, as evidenced in the customizing. . . the car was painted purple, the floor covered in mouton fur, dyed purple, and his initials "E.P.", entwined with a guitar and two musical notes inscribed in leather adorned the floormats and overhead. The upholstery boasted a popular 50's style—white roll and pleated leather. Elvis was still driving this Cadillac the first day he drove through the gates of Graceland the mansion he bought for his beloved mother, Gladys — the mansion where he was to die alone in those quiet hours after dawn on August 16th, 1977.

The famous Cadillac is now undergoing complete restoration to its former glory, and will be exhibited all over the country. The parts that could not be used in the restoration and had to be replaced, have been melted down, making small metal pearls which have been mounted into a beautiful heart shaped pewter finished pendant. . so that you can wear it close to your heart. The old worn ignition key, used for many years, has been duplicated into shining gold replicas for your key chain, charm bracelet or as a necklace. . . and can be used to turn a duplicate of ignition lock on Elvis' Cadillac while it is on display throughout the country.

Fate delivered its untimely blow in mid-August. Elvis is gone from us. The golden voice forever stilled. For those of us who loved him, and will continue to miss him, we now have something of his to keep with us always.

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Now! Command . . . control . . . dominate anyone you choose with the power of your mind — and your mind *alone.* Say nothing. Yet, miraculously see people — even perfect strangers — do exactly what you *silently* command them to do. Willingly . . . cheerfully . . . and quickly!

You can do it . . . because you have *unknowingly* done it your entire life. Accept the proposal offered to you for a limited time in this announcement — and I'll *prove* it to you!

I would be skeptical if I read an ad like this. But I'd also be highly intrigued, as you are now.

With good reason! The very thought of possessing the ability to **command, control and dominate others** is probably your secret wish. One which you sincerely believe could **never** come true.

Well, think again! Your secret wish is about to be granted in full, unmistakable measure. A few short days from now, you are going to **demonstrate** that fact to yourself right in your own living room.

On that fateful, momentous occasion, you are going to mentally project a thought command to someone you know. Not one word will be uttered by you . . .

YET THAT PERSON IS GOING TO FOLLOW YOUR SILENT COMMAND TO THE LETTER . . . WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING OR SUSPECTING THAT YOU GAVE THE ORDER!

And only **you** will know **why** he or she is acting in that manner!

Your next test is going to be even more **unbelievable!** This time, you'll command not just a single individual but a **group of four or five people.** This time, you'll mentally project a thought command to **all** of this group!

AGAIN, WONDEROUSLY, THAT ENTIRE GROUP IS GOING TO PERFORM YOUR SILENT COMMAND EXACTLY AS YOU WILLED IT!

Again, they will have absolutely no idea whatsoever that their actions—seemingly voluntary—came directly from **you!** Why should they? You said nothing. Made no gestures. Nor indicated your wishes in any way—except **mentally!**

Yet, you're going to **top** even these astounding results! In the weeks and months, thereafter, and throughout the **rest of your life,** you are going to intensify your secret ability to command, control, and dominate others in ways that may bring you thousands of dollars extra . . . the love of someone you desire . . . the status and position you've thought unattainable—**until today!**

If you are selling, the toughest prospect will be putty in your hands. The urge to sign a sales contract **with the terms dictated by you**—will be irresistible.

In business situations, your ideas are the ones which will be heartily and enthusiastically approved by the "top" brass—just as if **you** wore the boss' hat!

In your private life, you will capture the adoration and affection of anyone you fancy—**even at first sight. At social gatherings,** you will be the **one** regarded as the leader—the person who makes decisions that must be **unquestionably obeyed** . . . at once!

Yes, wherever you go, whatever you do, **everyone** you meet will come under your silent control. **Do with them as you will!**

Does all this sound **impossible?** Not only hard to **believe**—but hard to **achieve?**

Then get set for the surprise of your life!

YOU WILL BELIEVE IT . . . AND YOU WILL ACHIEVE IT!

Stop and think for a moment. Skeptics were once convinced that the earth was flat. They were dead certain that the new-fangled automobile would never, ever replace the horse and buggy. Man reach the Moon? **Impossible!**

You and I know differently. The "never happens" of yesterday are stark realities today. So if you are still a skeptic, I'm more than willing to give you the opportunity to make a liar out of me. To prove that everything I've told you so far could "never happen".

Along with the opportunity to prove me wrong, I'll also give you the "risk-free"chance to prove I'm **right** . . . along with a **free gift** for you to keep. Here's my proposal.

My company has just released a strange new manual dealing with a subject that has fascinated the human race since the beginning of time. That subject is **parapsychology.** It deals with the ability of the mind to project thought and communicate with others, outside the body, using **none of the five senses.**

The manual takes this exciting subject and develops it into a new technique to help you **command, control,** and **dominate** people with your mind alone.

Actually, you do not need the manual to do this. You have already done so many times **without ever realizing it,** through your own unconscious native-born ability. The manual will help you to understand the technique so that you can perform it **consciously,** on demand to achieve your goals and wishes.

We call this technique SUCC*ESP*—the science of extra-sensory **persuasion.** This is **not** the regular ESP you've heard about. This is Extra-Sensory **Persuasion.** Properly used, it permits your **thoughts** to influence one person or many.

This manual could be the basis of a personally-conducted course with a fee of $250. But, not being a school, my company felt that the manuscript was so simply and clearly written, the instruction so precise, that anyone who could **read** could master the technique.

Therefore, instead of $250, we could slice the price all the way down to a mere fraction of the normal cost . . . payable only if you are fully convinced. And with the transaction handled entirely by mail for your convenience and privacy.

SEND FOR MANUAL REVIEW FOLIO WITH FULL, FASCINATING FACTS!

So be as skeptical as you like—but keep an open mind and send for your Manual Review Folio. It details in awe-inspiring depth the concept of SUCCESP and how you can use it at will to make anyone do anything . . . *with your thoughts alone!*

It offers you an amazing *no-risk* plan to try SUCCESP for a full 30 days at home, at the office, on a date, or wherever you happen to be, night or day. Convince yourself beyond a shadow of a doubt that this manual truly gives you the fantastic power to command, control and dominate everyone you meet.

For prompt shipment of your Folio, just mail the coupon below with $1. You will not be further obligated in any way. And if you act at once, I'll include free information on how to get and keep a unique bonus Monograph—"The Secret Worth $1,000."

The coupon brings your Manual Review Folio and the free gift offer by return mail. For a change, take a chance on *yourself.* Your success may well depend upon SUCCESP.

TAKE THIS FREE GIFT MONOGRAPH AND START MAKING IT BIG!

Do you dare to take a close, hard look at yourself? What's **really** stopping you from making good? Are you still making excuses about why you can't afford that shiny new Caddy, that plush new home, expensive custom-made clothes, and all the other trappings of the good life?

If your ship still hasn't come in . . . or even if you've missed the boat, take heart. You **can** make good, beginning **now.** And you can do it FREE . . . entirely on your own!

First, let's face a few facts about you! You may have wondered about "what" it is that stops you from being successful. Maybe you've been able to pinpoint it. You think it's money . . . connections . . . ability . . . health . . . education . . . or just dumb luck.

Yet the "what" you believe stands in the path of your march to the top, may **not** be the real "what" after all. We believe that this **real** "what" is one which you know all about. You face it daily and nightly. This key "what" is your personal "Success Barrier."

It actually **prevents** you from taking full advantage of **any** lucky break. It shackles your feet so effectively that you find it virtually **impossible** to move forward toward your goal.

It even serves as your "whipping boy"—your convenient excuse for **failing.** It acts as a dismal crutch for your "not making good."

BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO! Once you understand this "what" that undermines your efforts and keeps you cruelly pinned down, you can finally **break** its ruthless grip. Yes, you can eliminate it from your own life by your own efforts and no one will ever know. What they will know—**and see for themselves**—is that YOU ARE SUCCESSFUL!

How can you perform this vitally important feat—perhaps the **most** important act of your entire life? How can you once and for all crash through your personal "Success Barrier"?

The answer may lie in an exclusive Monograph "YOUR SUCCESS BARRIER—HOW TO SHATTER IT FOREVER." Details of how you can receive a gift copy of this priceless discovery will be included at no extra charge with the Folio described in this announcement. It's your reward for promptly returning the coupon below.

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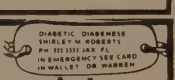

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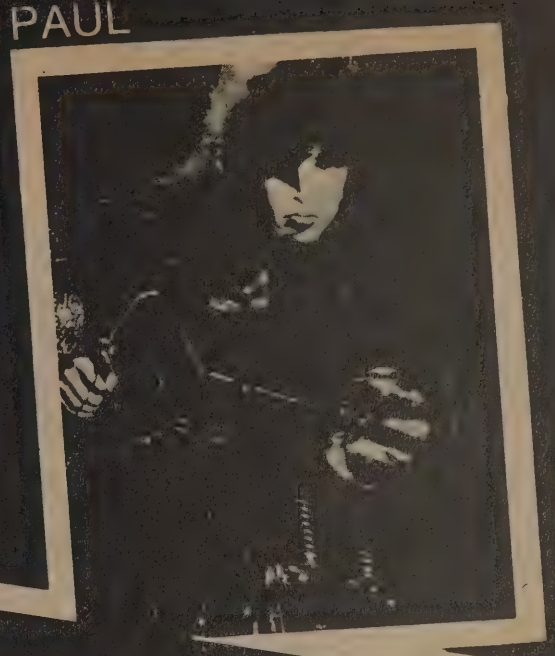

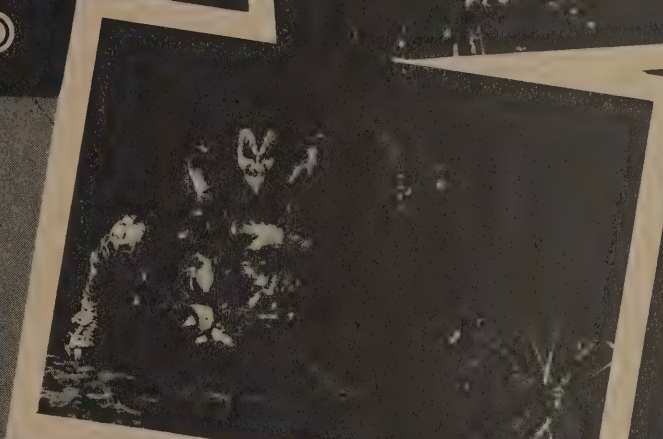

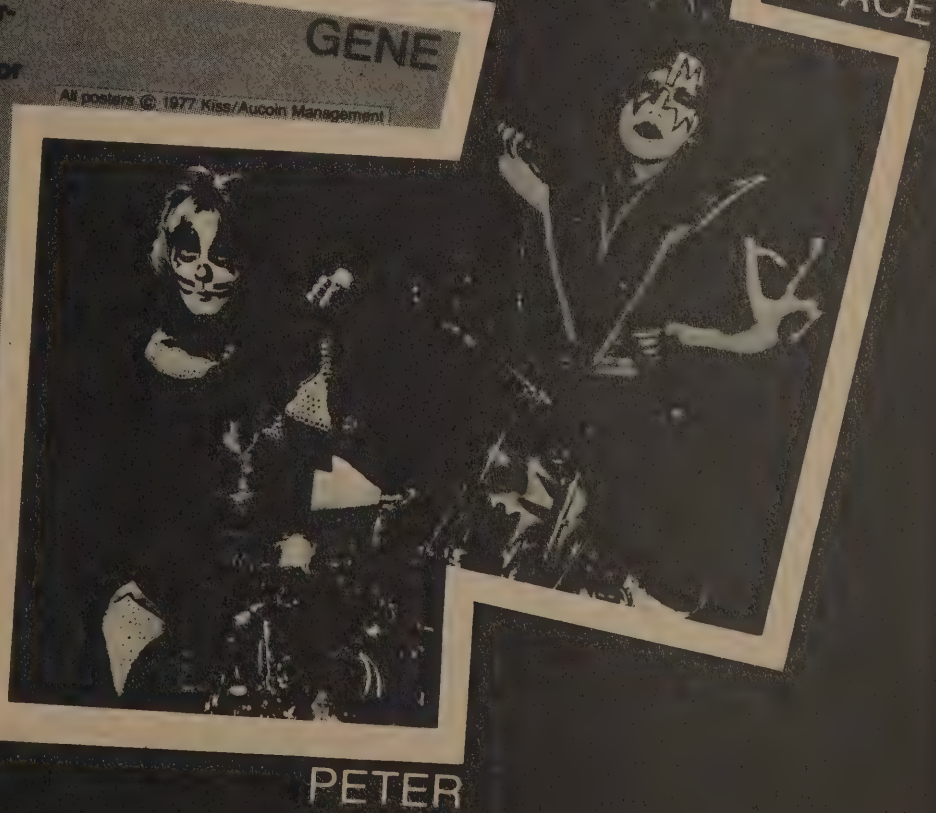

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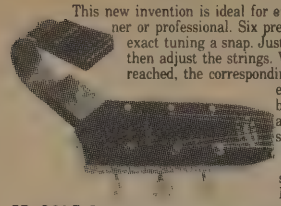

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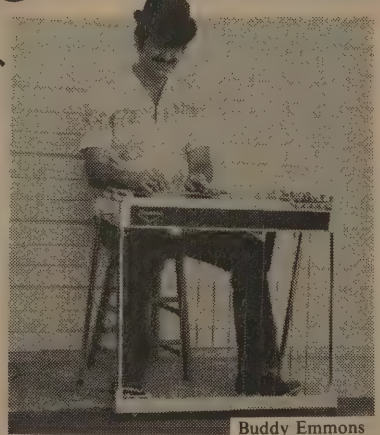

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I think about winter when I was with her and the snow was fallin' down
Warmed by the fire I love bein' by her when there's no one else around.

And I'm fallin', woah, I'm fallin'
I'm fallin' in love with you.

I think about summer my head was swimmin'
You wrote my name in the sand
We walked together hopin' forever
Please don't let go of my hand.

'Cause I'm fallin', woah, I'm fallin'
I'm fallin' in love with you.

The fall and the springtime were like in between time
You're here and then you're gone away
Woah I just wanted to say, won't you please, please stay
'Cause I'm fallin', woah, I'm fallin'
I'm fallin' in love with you.

In love with you
In love with you.

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GOODBYE GIRL
(From the MGM-Warner Bros. Release of the Neil Simon Production, "The Goodbye Girl")

(As recorded by David Gates)

DAVID GATES

All your life you've waited for love to come and stay
And now that I have found you
You must not slip away
I know it's hard believin' the words you've heard before
But darlin' you must trust them just once more.
'Cause baby goodbye
Doesn't mean forever
Let me tell you goodbye doesn't mean we'll never be together again
If you wake up and I'm not there
I won't be long away
'Cause the things you do my goodbye girl
Will bring me back to you.

I know you've been taken afraid to hurt again
You fight the love you feel for me instead of givin' in
But I can wait forever
For helpin' you to see
That I was meant for you and you for me.
So remember goodbye
Doesn't mean forever
Let me tell you goodbye doesn't mean we'll never be together again
Tho' we may be so far apart
You still will have my heart
So forget your past my goodbye girl
'Cause now you're home at last.

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JUST THE WAY YOU ARE

(As recorded by Billy Joel)

BILLY JOEL

Don't go changing to try and please me
You never let me down before mm mm
Don't imagine you're too familiar
And I don't see you anymore
I would not leave you in times of trouble
We never could have come this far mm mm
I took the good times, I'll take the bad times
I'll take you just the way you are.

Don't go trying some new fashion
Don't change the color of your hair mm mm
You always have my unspoken passion
Although I might not seem to care
I don't want clever conversation
I never want to work that hard mm mm
I just want someone that I can talk to
I want you just the way you are.

I need to know that you will always be
The same old someone that I knew
Oh what will it take till you believe in me
The way that I believe in you.

I said I love you and that's forever
And this I promise from the heart mm mm
I could not love you any better
I love you just the way you are.

I don't want clever conversation
I never want to work that hard mm
I just want someone that I can talk to
I want you just the way you are.

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SCAGGS' BAG

(continued from page 29)

mulae are what make the album a success, while the creative art is pretty dumb.

The album jacket is that same no-color tan as his stage set, with a photo of Scaggs and an ice effigy melting in the shade. Inside - out, this package is understated elegance all the way.

Musically, *Down Two Then Left* is probably the best tranquilizer I've heard this year, after ocean surf and rain on a roof. I don't mean it puts you to sleep, but it soothes the nerves with its effortless grooves and seductive melodies. Few things in life are easier to swallow than a Boz Scaggs album. You can simply put your brain on automatic and let it breeze through your head like a sea wind whuffling through a screened porch. There are no jolts with this stuff (it's the antithesis of punk); the most jarring sound involved comes when the needle lifts from the vinyl. "Still Falling for You," for instance, is a love song about a guy making a play for that special sweetie, but you'd never know from the presentation that the fella's heart was beating any faster than normal.

In fact, few of these songs will hook you very strongly the first time through. The discreetly imaginative arrangements tend to blend together (it's probably intended), so the album as a whole grows on you rather than any particular track. It's a collection of functional mood music. As a package, it starts out strongly, settles into a comfortable groove, and then suddenly runs out of gas on the last two tracks.

After "Still Falling For You" comes my favorite cut, the hit single "Hard Times". It's nearly a twin to George Benson's "This Masquerade," the jazz-pop Mr. Softee of 1976. Forward motion is monitored by calmly muffled tom-toms, and the floating effect of the watery electric piano is perfect. In fact, that rippling keyboard sound is one of the keys to this whole illusion - of - effortlessness school. (Steely Dan's *Aja* is a first cousin.) If you crave the snap and snarl of guitars, you'll starve on this stuff, though there are a few modestly slick solos. Even better for sinking down into the couch with your favorite playpal is "A Clue," cooling out with backing vocalists who coo almost as sweetly as Marley's I-Three.

Boz's voice isn't bad either. He's no Al Green, but he sure tries, and he's got the right idea — bending high notes from the back of his throat with restrained agony like he was trying to break glass with a rose. It's easy to miss the words if you don't concentrate, and hence your attention can wander, but — hey, no sweat — that's part of the ambience too. Boz doesn't strain to make his messages all that heavy, so why should you strain to hear them?

Generally the album's lyrics offer a refined selection of love encounters for the over-20 set (i.e. he doesn't threaten to bust up some chick's face with a beer bottle). One girl's "crazy sighs" "Catalyze" him (cute little rhyme). Another girl has him in a sea of confusion. "A Clue" shows Boz as a confidant trying to coax a schemer out of her self - centered ways so she can concentrate on him (good luck!),while "Whatcha Gonna Tell Your Man" has our hero balking on the verge of a liaison.

The last song on side one, "We're Waiting," has what may be the most curious lyrics on the album. If I hear him right, Boz is describing hanging around the yard in L.A. on a lazy afternoon with nothing much to do, finally concluding condescendingly: "maybe we should wait for you; there are so few girls we'd run for". Cool? That's downright blase! If this one is an intentional self - parody of the California leisure set, it beats "Hotel California" for subtlety hands down. If not, God help him.

Side two begins with "Hollywood," a glistening charmer that amounts to a pep talk to an irresistable star-girl: "No one had to tell you what your smile was for".

Scaggs brings us down with a thud on the next song, though, "Then She Walked Away" which carries the flipside of "Hollywood's" success story. It's about an outcast "quietly so afraid" who "really just wants to stay", but has "got a feeling like she don't exist".

On "Gimme The Goods" things start falling apart. This is a shaking, grandly orchestrated number, but the storyline about outlaws on the run in 1948 is artificial and complicated compared to the rest of the lp — an ambitious track that just doesn't cohere.

"1993" is the real misfit though. There's an attractive "creative arranging" introduction, but the body of the piece is hooked onto a melody that's filler at best. The real joke, however, is the "treated" vocal break, a disaster that seems a flashback to early Runt, recent Peter Gabriel, or parts of "I Am The Walrus" — you know, like trying to talk through a burp. Really, Boz, not your persona at all.

The second weakest cut is "Tomorrow Never Came," a sensitive ballad of unrequited love. Maybe it's just winter crustiness, but I get impatient with this "silver moon, perfume and a promise" stuff. I've always thought ballads are a hell of a gamble, and require great caution. You sacrifice your groove (there's no drumming to carry it along), and the words stick out, which can make you look silly. (HE: "Oh, Love, that batters my purple heart to a pulp!
Might that my teardrops water your gin and tonic!"

He's always listened to The Spinners and James Brown, and he acknowledges a heavy Philadelphia soul influence on his music

SHE: "Watch it, creep, you're crying all over my good silk blouse.") One time in a thousand you'll score with "You Light Up My Life," but this one just isn't catchy enough.

Nope, Boz is better when he accents his tried - and - true style over the temptations of avant - cool, soothing the soul with gentle palm-sway melodies that waft away your troubles like the smokey indirect lighting in your favorite necking nook. I like this album; it's like stepping into a tropical paradise at twilight and feeling the world slow down; it's like a bite of sherbet to clear the palate. Perhaps the air is simply richer and thicker with scents out there in Lotusland.

Altogether, *Down Two Then Left* is a swell contribution toward the perfect expression of ease so boldly pioneered by the epicurean rockers of the late seventies. □

KANSAS

(continued from page 8)

them exposed to their technical limitations, Steinhardt is highly lyrical. "I once had the goal of being a first chair violinist with a top symphony orchestra, but I realized how many years, and even decades, you have to work until you attain that position. Here, however, I have gotten into a position of career security in a much shorter span of time, playing music that I like."

Kansas' listeners are of course acquainted with Steinhardt's soaring, flowing leads. The combination and merging of force and beauty is no easy task, but on such tunes as the majestic "Song For America," Robbie modulates between the sweet strains of a classical master and the throbbing cadences of a good rock player. Underlying this all is a sense of taste; he knows the value of restraint and subtlety. If you want an example, listen to his hushed, muted wail on "Lonely Wind."

No more Plainsmen are these six, for none of them live in their native state any more. Robbie and Mrs. reside in the sunny climes of the Tampa Bay area, while the other five live in and around Atlanta, Georgia.

The residence of keyboardist - guitarist Kerry Livgren, bassist Dave Hope, and drummer Phil Ehard, in the southern metropolis is directly traceable to the fact that a couple of years ago, within a brief period of time, each had found romance aloft, as Cupid united them with airline stewardesses. And since Atlanta is a major airline base, and all three ladies were head - quartered there, a move southward was undertaken.

At the same time that the band was moving to warmer climes, their chart activity heated up also. Virtually constant touring, a spectacular, sparkling stageshow, and superior musicianship contributed to an ever growing cult, which by late 1976 had grown to the proportions of a mass movement.

While such earlier albums as *Kansas* and *Masque* captured a great deal of attention, mass acclaim started with the release of *Song For America* in late 1975. There were considerable evidences of lyrical maturation; such tunes as "Incomudro, Hymn to The Atman," delved deep into the metaphysical thoughts and philosophies vinally espoused by Kansas and their chief lyricist, Kerry Livgren.

Kerry is a friendly, yet shy, person who, when home in Atlanta, prefers to dwell in the luxury of his suburban apartment rather than join the club - hopping and jam circuit like other players from the region. Yet permit him his moments of reclusiveness, for when he's on stage, the energy batteries are really and truly in gear. He's quite charismatic, with his long blond hair aspill, his lengthy, white robe type outfit, and his searching, probing guitar solos.

Kerry Livgren to the Fonz — seemingly a ludricrous bridge, but Kerry, whose "Carry On Wayward Son" was eventually used as the theme for *Heroes*. Of course when the original inspiration hit Livgren, it was no telling that it would eventually find fruition in a movie starring one of the hot entertainment commodities of the modern era.

Now back to Kansas. Kerry also plays keyboards, a task which he shares with the band's principal ivory master, the brilliant Steve Walsh. Some have called Steve an American Keith Emerson or Rick Wakeman, yet rather than the English classicists, Walsh names the Beach Boys as one of his ultimate inspirations.

In all fairness, it's hard to hear any Beach Boys in that massive stack of synthesizers, electric and grand pianos, and other keyboard gear that Steve has up with him on stage. What makes it all the more remarkable is while he's darting back and forth between three or four of these axes, Walsh can be heard filling every square inch of cavernous auditoriums with his dominant, forceful voice. It's one of the best tonalities in rock; a sensuous wail, full of might and sincerity.

We've talked about Livgren, Steinhardt and Walsh, but in all fairness, the others should not be ignored. Rich Williams is the rhythm guitar player. Another schooled musician, he often wears tuxedo t-shirts on stage. Perhaps a bit less flamboyant than Steve or Kerry, he frequently remains in the background until an acoustic guitar solo is required. Then, Rich the reticent becomes a latter-day Segovia as he weaves intricities of boggling complexity and ornateness.

If I had to describe Kansas' music to someone who had never heard them before, I would be required to use the adjectives "constantly changing and shifting." The innate sophistication requires a moving melodic line, which, when coupled with the barreling pace of the rhythm, requires a drummer and a bass player who can swim adroitly through these waters of shift. In bassist Dave Hope and drummer Phil Ehard, Kansas has two folks who can fit the bill easily.

And what of Kansas, 1978? Right now, their latest record, *Point Of Know Return* is honing in on two million copies sold, but even more importantly, has showcased different aspects of Kansas. The title single, which achieved a peak of popularity in late 1977, was another cruise through the waters of spiritualistic and philosophical allegory, but this was scribed by Walsh, Ehart and Steinhardt, not Livgren. Kerry, though does get in his licks, in the acoustic masterpiece, "Dust In The Wind."

On this newest album, there is also an expansion of instrumental duties. Keyboardist Walsh has undertaken work on vibraphone, a tool traditionally limited to jazz players. Drummer Ehart is working a good deal more with tympani, traditionally a tool of classical musicians.

Ever increasing and broadening in scope as well as sales - played on top feature movies - filling giant arena and stadia - it's a long way from the practice rooms of Topeka, Kansas to the top rungs of stardom. Kansas has and is making that seemingly unattainable climb. □

Virtually constant touring, a spectacular, sparkling stageshow, and superior musicianship contributed to an ever growing cult.

Neal Preston/Mirage

ERIC CLAPTON

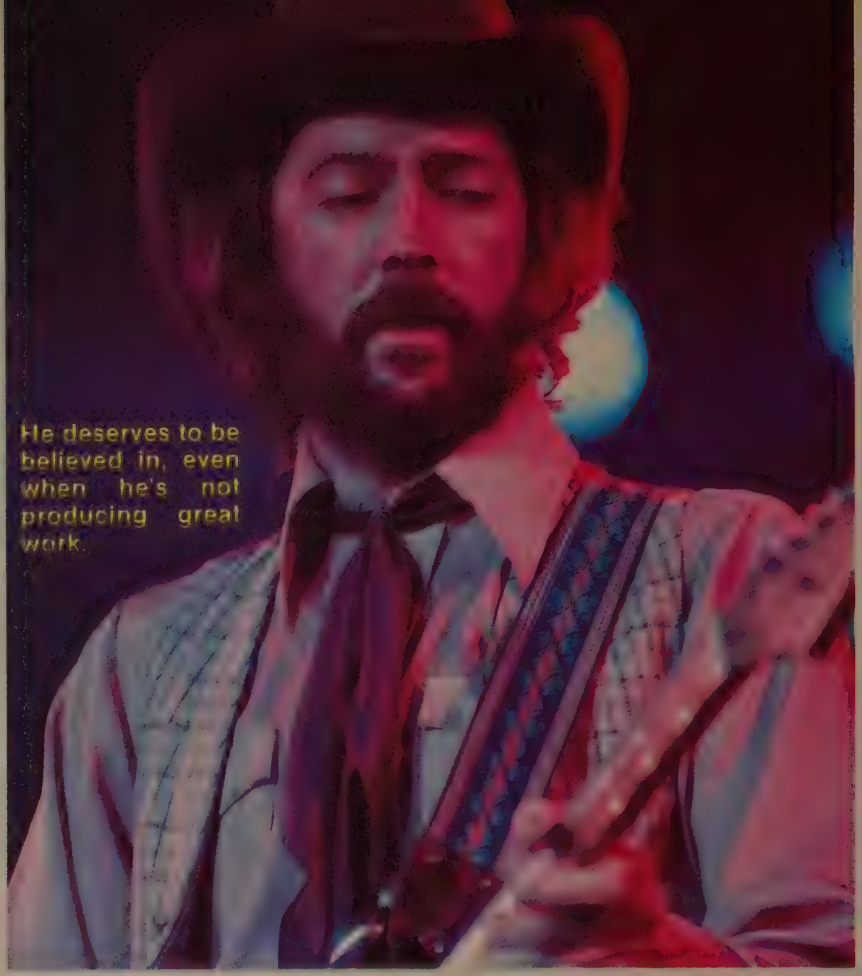
(continued from page 25)

guitar noodling, but, for all the infamy of the title substance, it's musically harmless.

"Wonderful Night" gives the first clue to Clapton's recent contentment — cherchez la femme. Slow, sweet, and peaceful, it details the bliss of togetherness with a domesticity I haven't heard since I caught Phoebe Snow crooning for the young marrieds of the bassinette set. I'm not knocking the tune — it's adorable, and the singer's gratitude is heartwarming — but it's not what you'd call ambitious.

More upbeat, but even less remarkable, is the understated toe-tapper "Lay Down Sally" — so pleasant and completely dismissable it would be perfect for Robert Palmer. By this time I'm wondering if anyone would pay much attention to this package if it weren't by "Eric Clapton". He's been vindicated on the record charts (last time I checked it was up to #29), but isn't this the sort of disc that would normally get a handful of scattered praise and rise to #129 on the charts before plummetting after six weeks?

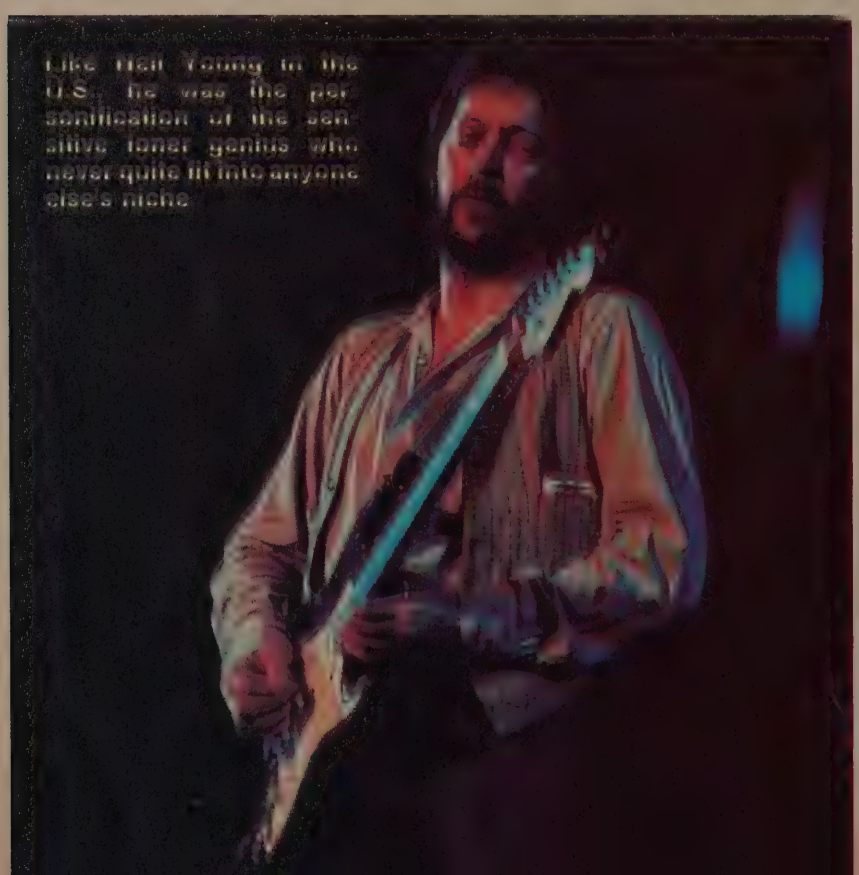
"Next Time You See Her" is fun, though; it's loaded with schizophrenic vengeance. An almost Dylanesque mixture of tenderness, bitterness, and envy, it's styled as a warning to the singer's new rival for a girl's affections. First he asks the new top-cat to convey a love message to his ex-girl (bizarre, right?). Then he warns the other guy (as a "buddy")that she's just a flirt anyway, and will ultimately break his heart. And finally, in case those approaches don't work, he threatens to kill the new man if he ever sees her again! (What about that love message he was supposed to convey?) The music is no big deal, but lunatic lovers who have lost their perspective are always a treat to watch, and this one's pretty askew.



Neil Zlozower/Mirage

Last on side one is a simple country number by Don Williams about making up. Once again, Clapton proves he'll go to almost any length to prove he'd rather be boring than flashy.

"The Core" gets to the core of my reservations about the current Clapton. It offers a craftsmanlike rendition of a mediocre song, and leaves me completely neutral. Despite its professionalism, there's no fire here (nary a spark), and the aimless rounds never gather a head of steam. The result is adult boogie. You know boogie — that interminable groove in which a song gets stuck when it can't figure where to go next for minutes on end. In other words: slowbrained (i.e. stoopid). Well, this is adult boogie, not as obviously tedious as that of less capable artists, but going around in circles nonetheless.


Like Neil Young in the U.S. he was the personification of the sensitive loner genius who never quite fit into anyone else's niche

RSS Records, Inc.

Much better are the last three songs on side two. John Martyn's "May You Never" seems tailor - made for the adult Clapton — moderate in temperament, and lyrically empathetic, with a touch of philosophy: "love is a lesson to learn in a hard time". I just wish the cut didn't remind me of what a disappointing singer Clapton is. He's rarely seemed to revel in his vocalizing, but at times, as on the *Layla* album, he's managed to summon the conviction that can make a "poor" singer (like Young or Dylan) compelling. Throughout this album, though, his singing is tentative to the point of

"Peaches and Diesel" is a dessert worth waiting for. The prettiest tune on "Slowhand," it's also the most emotionally evocative...

Neal Preston/Mirage

Neal Preston/Mirage

meekness, a delivery that unfortunately suggests the singer is uncertain of his own words.

Too bad in this case, because John Martyn, little known in America, is an acoustic folk poet and composer of the first order. You can find the original "May You Never" on Martyn's compilation lp, *So Far So Good,* chocked full of prime material. Or play the title track of his latest album, *One World,* and find the sort of ephemeral magic of Marty Balin's 'Surrealistic Pillow' ballads.

"Mean Old Frisco" is fine too, but nothing special. A completely unoriginal bluesy slide guitar groove, it's played with conviction and gouges deeper than most cuts. But hasn't Eric had any new ideas since 1971?

"Peaches and Diesel," though, is a dessert worth waiting for. The prettiest tune on *Slowhand,* it's also the most emotionally evocative, a pure instrumental with beautifully eddying guitars. Foregoing a vocal on this one was smart; it would only have added a jarring element of amateurism, and few lyrics could improve on the striking melody.

So the hell with Eric's voice, and the hell with glorious guitar solos. And the hell with keeping up with the Aerosmiths. Clapton may not be too contemporary, but if he's as contented as he sounds, that's fine with me. I don't listen to him much anymore, but I'm glad others do; he deserves to be believed in, even when he's not próducing great work.

With his last several albums, capable but not particularly imaginative, he's succeeded in keeping himself hidden in the thick of the pack, seemingly just one of a hundred old-fart superstars in a business suddenly littered with veterans. I hope he emerges again, but he's certainly earned all the tranquility he wants. Rest in peace, Eric. □

DAVID BOWIE

(continued from page 31)

roots ... a family, home, it didn't work for me. I don't want a home base at all.

People have said many things about me. Often what has happened is that if somebody said something I might have said, and I liked the idea, I'd adopt it. I'd think, 'oh, that's a good one, I'll be that for a week'. It led to some very interesting situations.

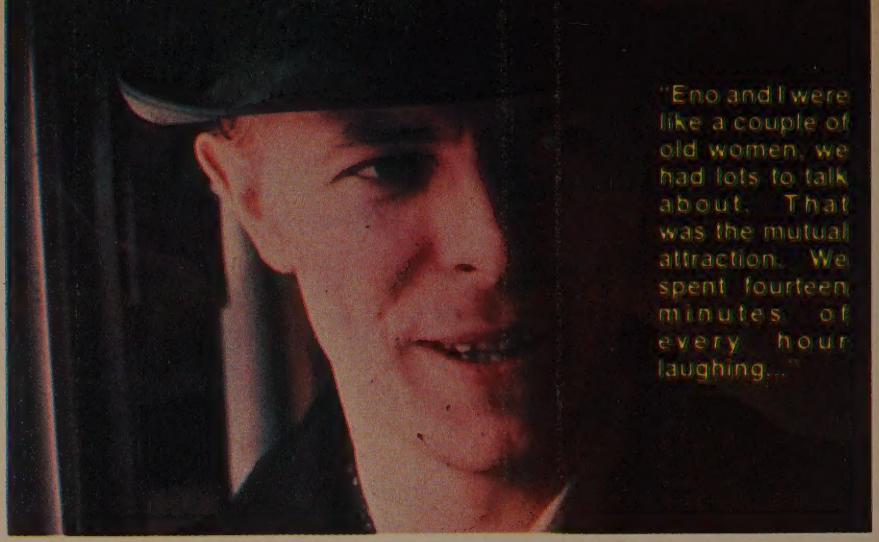
HP: Do you feel you've been the victim of your image rather than its creator?

Bowie: Well, people still ask me in interviews if I'm bisexual. I tell them it's none of their business. It's so trite, and I will not give in. Bugger off, I say. I'd love to ask them 'how's your wife? Do you sleep with her?' What bloody nerve...

I'd rather like to mind my own business. I don't like people probing into my life so I reveal very little, or lie about it as much as need be. But people probing into my life ... how dare they?

I think I talked about my private life twice. Then statements were thrown back at me. But I don't regret any of it, it was a way for me to get my music over.

One's led to believe that a public figure doesn't have a right to privacy, but if you want to be anonymous, it's quite easy. I find no trouble in spending nine - tenths of the year absolutely anonymous. I walk around all the time and don't get recognized. There are two ways to walk down a street. One way is wanting to be recognized and you will be, the other way is not wanting to be and you won't.


"Eno and I were like a couple of old women, we had lots to talk about. That was the mutual attraction. We spent fourteen minutes of every hour laughing..."

My ego isn't involved with it at all. I've had all my satisfaction out of being recognized. I got over it fairly quickly. Of course, my physical appearance started to hamper me. But getting rid of the red hair helped.

HP: What about all that publicity last year when you returned to England and said only you could restore the country to its healthy economic state?

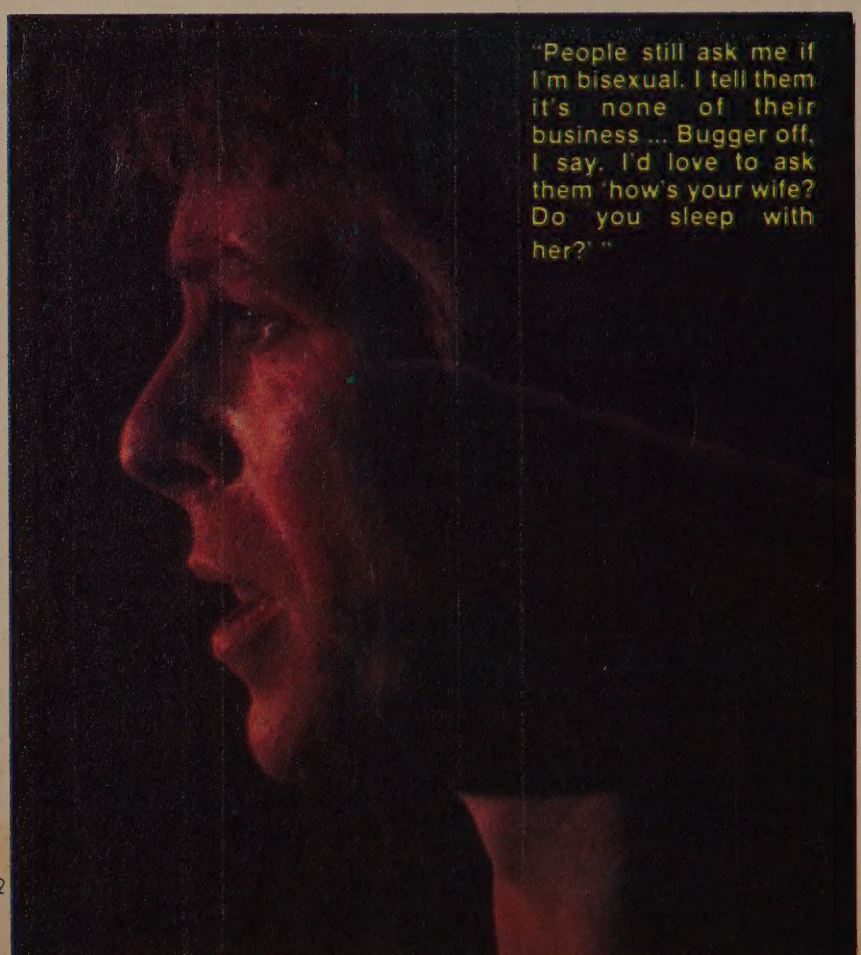
Bowie: Oh, what a to-do. I don't go after publicity, I drop enormous clangers and they *become* publicity. I suppose it was rash of me, but it was my reaction to what was happening in Europe. I think it's a dangerous situation, but I'm not going to talk about it. It always gets me into trouble. Rock stars should be seen and not heard.

HP: Why did you choose to make an appearance on Bing Crosby's TV Special?

Bowie: Well, I thought it was an unusual proposition. I mean not everybody gets the chance to do something like that, As for Bing, he was *fantastic.* That old man knew everything about everything. He knew rock and roll backwards, even if he didn't know the music. He knew us, and what we wanted. I'm glad I met him.

HP: You're far removed now from Main Man. But who was in control during that time when money was spent like water on champagne, limousines, capped teeth ... Was it DeFries, or really you, manipulating that whole thing?

Bowie: I absolutely did not choreograph that. I wish I had, then I would have been able to write about it. I hadn't a clue as to what was happening. It ended up like 'we are Main Man and we also have David Bowie', and I'd pout. After all, I was supposed to be the star, and my money ended up being the star. It got to a point where I'd refuse to go into the office because I hated everything about it.


"People still ask me if I'm bisexual. I tell them it's none of their business ... Bugger off, I say. I'd love to ask them 'how's your wife? Do you sleep with her?' "

I don't think I'm as machiavellian as people have said. I'm not quite the mastermind that people would have me be. They may have said that because everything I've done tends to be very successful, and it may have *something* to do with the fact that I'm very good. I have great faith in my artistic abilities, and I don't think that manipulation can work to that extent for that long a time. I think what I do is often very successful, some of it stinks, and some of it is highly successful. I'm a Capricorn, you see, so I won't show anything until I feel I can do it properly. I'll go away and hide and practice until I've got it right, and then come out and say, 'see, I can do it'.

I'm incredibly happy now, because I'm not ambitious anymore. I do have a very strong paternal streak, I'm a born father. I want more children, but not ego children; I'd like to adopt when my house is a little more in order. I get such enjoyment out of being with children ... now *they* are enjoyable things. You can stuff all your punk bands, give me three children instead. □

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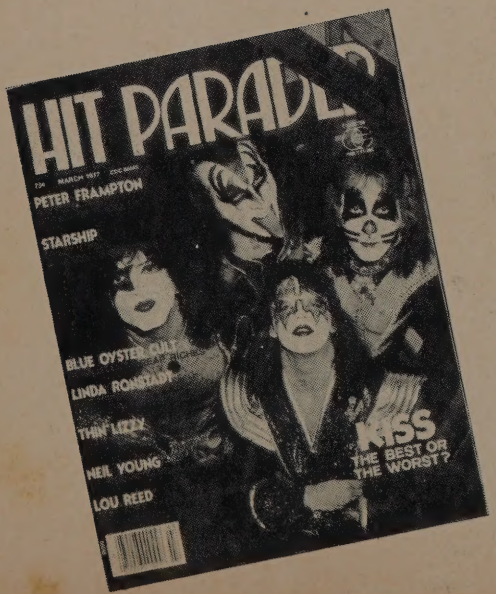

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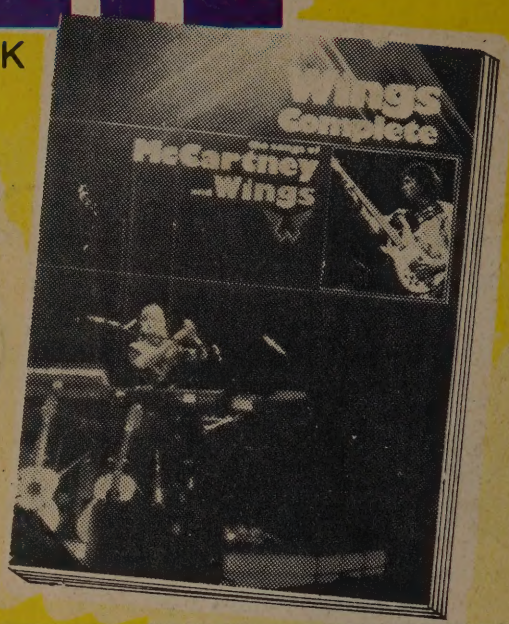

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